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the
**GREAT
AUSTRALIAN
BOOK OF
LIMERICKS**

JIM HAYNES



ALLEN & UNWIN

First published in 2010

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Here are limericks of every kind.
In browsing you'll probably find
Clean ones and lewd ones,
Disgustingly crude ones
And others that just came to mind.

‘Limericks are jovial things . . . A “yea-saying”
to life in a world grown grey.
That alone justifies their existence.’

—*Norman Douglas* (1868–1952)



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This book was originally partly written on Norfolk Island in 2001, and revised and rewritten there in 2010.



INTRODUCTION



Everyone knows at least one limerick. The measured beat of the limerick is somehow indelibly imprinted in every English speaker's psyche. Come to think of it, many people for whom English is a second language still know a limerick or two. My mate Michel Rose, who hails from Mauritius, assures me he only knows one poem in any language, this limerick:

There once was a man from Bombay,
On a slow boat to China one day,
Got stuck at the tiller
With a lovesick gorilla
And China's a bloody long way!

This project began in 2000 as a collection of limericks about Australia's placenames. Then it became a more ambitious project, a compendium of limericks. This meant that I had to include limericks of all kinds (I hope the category headings are sufficient warning to the faint-hearted). In 2010 it was revised as an even more comprehensive and inclusive collection of limericks of every type.

The limerick is surely the most versatile and adaptable form of verse ever concocted; there is a limerick for every occasion and an occasion for every limerick. They fall into several categories.

There are those limericks we recite to children, often of the nonsense variety, such as Edward Lear's famous:

There once was a man with a beard
Who said, 'It is just as I feared,
Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!'

Or the tongue-twister type, such as:

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were wondering just what to do.
Said the fly, 'Let us flee,'
Said the flea, 'Let us fly.'
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

This happens to be the first limerick I can remember hearing, told to me by my mother at some very tender age. I recall not knowing what a 'flue' was at the time. This is also technically not a limerick as the third and fourth lines don't rhyme, although they do preserve the double meanings of 'fly' and 'flea'.

These last two limericks also repeat the word from the end of line 1 at the end of line 5, a practice I consider cheating. For this reason I have never been a big fan of the limericks of Edward Lear.

There are also the limericks we use to celebrate various places, although the bulk of these are merely an excuse to be silly or vulgar. None of them contain any accurate information about the place.

There was an old woman of Crete
Who was so exceedingly neat
That she stood on her head
When she got out of bed
To keep from soiling her feet.

Similarly, many limericks choose famous people or historic events as their starting point:

There once was a monarch named Ed
Who took Mrs Simpson to bed.
As they bounced up and down,
He said, 'Bugger the crown,
Give the thing to my brother instead!'

For that one I am indebted to Col 'Blue the Shearer' Wilson, who claims it's the first poem he ever heard.

There are many limericks written as social commentary on current issues, often by those involved in those issues, such as this one by Alan Coates, Professor of Public Health at the University of Sydney:

The tobacco-stained rulers of sport,
Now defending their sponsorship rort,
Might more freely concede
The demise of the weed
If their consciences hadn't been bought.

Sometimes the 'comment' is more general and anonymous, like this one from an unnamed art critic:

There once was a sculptor of mark
Whom they chose to brighten Hyde Park.
Some thought his design
Was remarkably fine,
But most liked it best in the dark.

And of course there are the limericks we use simply to demonstrate the vagaries and eccentricities of the English language, as well as the writer's inventiveness:

A tooter who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
'Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?'

It's obvious that the limerick is probably the least serious of verse forms; the common theme is a desire on the writer's part to demonstrate cleverness with words. Mental and verbal dexterity, along with a childish desire to be stupid, actually provide the only real *raisons d'être* for the vast majority of limericks.

There are perhaps only two categories of limerick that provide exceptions to this rule. The first of these is the category of personal limericks: limericks created about a particular friend or to celebrate personal or family events. One of my favourites in this category is the one written by Oliver Wendell Holmes about his dear friend the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher:

The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Called a hen a most elegant creature.
The hen, pleased with that,
Laid an egg in his hat,
And thus did the 'Hen reWard Beecher'.

These limericks are often written on gift cards or recited at birthdays, anniversaries or, like this one, inscribed in an atlas given as a gift:

The modern young lady, perhaps,
To avoid geographical lapse
And concomitant strife
In the journey of life
Should study these excellent maps.

This was written, in inimitable style, by Professor Alan Coates, who also came up with this to inscribe in a hymn book:

When you feel that high G's remote
From the reach of an alto-sized throat,
You have only to look
In this harmony book
To select a more comfortable note.

On a less genteel note in this category, here's one I wrote especially for the late Stuie McInnes, a broadcaster known as The Round Mound of Sound, and a man who liked a bet:

In the Pub Tab looking for winners,
I bumped into Stuie McInnes,
And I'm telling you
That's easy to do.
There's a feller who oughta drink thinners.

Then there is the category containing limericks that, while hopefully still clever and witty, really have no other purpose except to be risqué, vulgar or even downright crude or disgusting. Limericks at the mild end of this scale are probably enjoyed, in moderation, by the bulk of the population.

When Mabel, accoutred in sable,
Disports herself up on the table,
Her ultimate fling,
Reveals everything,
Including the furrier's label.

At the other end of the scale in this broad category are the limericks much beloved of rugby clubs and teenage boys of all ages. American humourist Don Marquis, creator of the famous 'Archy and Mehitabel' dialogues, once said that there

were three types of limericks: limericks to be told when ladies were present, limericks to be told when ladies were absent but clergymen were present . . . and *limericks*.

The limericks written and collected for this book come from all these categories but not from the ‘personal and family’ type, for obvious reasons.

The original purpose of this collection was to produce a body of Aussie limericks. As the placename has always been a big part of the limerick tradition, and as Australia has the best placenames you’ll find anywhere in the world, this seemed a good idea to me.

There’s *Cowpastures* and places like that,
There’s an *Eagle Farm* and a *Wombat*,
There’s a *Buffalo Range*,
All animals strange
That would knock a poor *Kangaroo Flat*.

The limerick’s snappy form is also perfect for irreverent and lighthearted comments on our history and famous figures.

There once was a captain named Cook
Sailed south just to have a quick look.
There he found a land,
Stuck a flag in the sand,
And that’s how native title got took.

This book contains several hundred original limericks and several hundred more which have been collected from many sources, friends and acquaintances. Quite a lot came from the deep dark corners of my memory where useless information is stored, those corners making up about 95 percent of my brain.

Jim Haynes
November 2010



THE LIMERICK

A Brief, Inaccurate
History

~

‘Almost nothing that has been
written about the limerick
can be taken seriously.’

—*Gershon Legman*, 1964



Aristophanes has been claimed as the first limerick writer, around 400 BC. Evidently a speech towards the end of his comic play *The Frogs* is in what can be interpreted as the ‘limerick form’ of rhythm and rhyme in ancient Greek.

One expert says, ‘If you please,
I think Old Aristophanes
First mastered the trick
Of the true limerick.’
But not every expert agrees.

In English the limerick has been linked to the oldest known popular song in the language, ‘Sumer is icumin in’, around 1300 AD. A typical stanza (roughly updated) is:

Ewe bleats after lamb,
Lows after calf the coo, [cow]
Bullock starts,
Buck farts,
Merry sings cuckoo.

To my mind, although many limerick elements are present in verses like this—the short five-line form, some of the rhyme scheme, and some nice earthy ideas—there are some essential elements missing, the main one being that the first line doesn’t rhyme with anything.

So could the limerick’s origin
Be in ‘Sumer is icumin in’,
Although, at this time,
There was simply no rhyme
Where the very first rhyme should begin?

Also the metre is not that of the classic limerick form that we know.

The classic metre of the limerick involves either the anapestic foot (di-di-DUM) or the amphibrachic foot (di-DUM-di). The early ‘pre-limerick’ examples, from the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, are mostly written in iambic metre (di-DUM) which was the metre of Shakespeare and is the metre which most closely approximates normal English speech, even today. Part of the charm of the classic limerick form is its use of the ‘rinky-dink’ three-beat metrical foot, which adds to the lightheartedness and humour and is not commonly found sustained for so long in normal speech.

So, the early poems which have a ‘limerick-type’ form mostly use iambic metre and lack a rhyming first line. This is the case with all the so-called ‘limerick-like poems’ of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, including those sometimes quoted from the popular genre of songs and poems known as ‘Tom O’Bedlam’. These were part of the repertoire of the ‘mad wandering minstrels’ or ‘mumpers’ who were a colourful feature of British community life after the dissolution of the abbeys and monasteries by Henry VIII. Once these ‘almonries’—refuges for the poor and insane—were closed, the tradition of wandering beggars (‘Poor Toms’ or ‘Tom O’Bedlam’) lasted for several centuries.

There is also a poem written in a quasi-limerick style criticising Mary Queen of Scots, and credited to Queen Elizabeth I, which is lacking a rhyme at the end of what would be the first line in a true limerick form:

The daughter of debate that eke discord doth sow,
Hath reaped no gain where former rule hath taught
still peace to grow.

This verse has also been transcribed by W.S. Baring-Gould (with limerick structure added) as:

The daughter of debate
Who discord aye doth sow,
Hath reaped no gain
Where former reign
Hath taught still peace to grow.

As well as the lack of a rhyme at the end of the first line, the scansion and measure of these ‘pre-limericks’ is not that of a modern limerick. It more often takes the form of a structure known as ‘Poulter’s measure’, which was, according to *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* (second edition), ‘a fanciful name for a metre consisting of lines of twelve and fourteen syllables alternately’. Queen Elizabeth’s piece of verse is perfect Poulter’s measure if you consider it as two lines rhyming ‘sow’ and ‘grow’.

In the modern limerick, lines 1, 2 and 5 usually have nine beats, while lines 3 and 4 have six. This is often varied to ten for line 5 and five for line 3, but either way it is a long way from Poulter’s measure, being at least twelve beats longer overall. The metre in Poulter’s measure is usually iambic (di-DUM) rather than anapestic (di-di-DUM) or amphibrachic (di-DUM-di) in the classic limerick. Also, the extra internal rhyme was, of course, irrelevant to Poulter’s measure, simply a matter of choice, but it is essential to a limerick.

So, there are a lot of ‘almost limericks’ before the seventeenth century—close, but no cigar at this stage, methinks.

All right then, where does the first ‘real’ limerick appear? I bet you won’t be a bit surprised when I tell you that we get very close in the writings of Shakespeare, actually in *Othello*, act II, when Cassio sings a drunken song:

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier’s a man;

O, man's life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Shakespeare was obviously well acquainted with the limerick-like stanza form of 'Tom O'Bedlam' because in *King Lear*, written about the same time as *Othello*, he has Edgar, disguised as Tom O'Bedlam, chanting a spell in the same style.

Swithold footed thrice the old:
He met the nightmare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Which isn't quite a limerick because of its scansion and the last line not rhyming. This is a shame, really, because there would have been a lovely synchronicity about the name 'Lear'. If the first true limerick had been in *King Lear*, it would have been even more appropriate that a writer named Lear would be dubbed 'the poet laureate of the limerick' some three hundred years later.

Shakespeare also used something approaching the limerick form in songs in *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*. However, the important thing about Cassio's song in *Othello* is that the first line rhymes with the second and fifth, although Shakespeare does cheat and use the same word for the first rhyme and the fourth line scansion is not right for a true limerick. Cassio's song does, however, have an appropriate subject for a limerick—alcohol.

Happily the 'almost-limerick' form was also used not long afterwards to praise and, conversely, decry the use of another European 'drug of choice', tobacco. Few people know that the anti-smoking lobby found a voice as early as 1568, or indeed perhaps earlier (I say earlier because the author to whom this poem is credited died that year).

The Indian weed, withered quite,
Green at morn, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay,
All flesh is hay:
Thus think, then drink tobacco.

Gershon Legman, citing Braithwaite's *Book of Elizabethan Verse* (1908), quite rightly notes the 'almost-limerick' form used in this poem, first published in 1626, long after its author, protestant clergyman and anti-smoking lobbyist Robert Wisdome, had passed on to the great 'no smoking' room in the sky. As can be seen elsewhere in this volume, Professor Coates was still using the limerick to combat tobacco in 2001.

The next example, this time in praise of the 'Indian weed', comes as a song, printed in 1606 in the no doubt extremely popular publication in its day, *A Book of Madrigals for Viols and Voices*:

O metaphysical tobacco,
Fetched from as far as from Morocco,
Thy searching fume
Exhales the rheum,
O metaphysical tobacco.

Not only are the author's grasp of geography and knowledge of tobacco's origins rather wobbly, he was obviously smoking a very different leaf to the one I used to puff on before I was warned off by the doctor.

Dramatist Barten Holiday was again praising the noxious weed in verse, with lots of musical puns, in 1618:

Tobacco's a magician
And in a Pipe delighteth;
It descends in a Close

Through the Organ of the nose
With a Rellish that inviteth.

Unfortunately Holyday's praise of tobacco upset King James, another member of the anti-smoking lobby, and caused him to fall out of favour at court.

Four years before Holyday's tobacco poem, William Browne, a contemporary of Jonson and Spenser, produced a limerick-style drinking song, complete with singalong chorus, which gives us the first known example of anapestic rhythm in the couplet (lines 3 and 4):

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
But see that no man 'scape
To drink of the sherry,
That makes us so merry,
And plump as the lusty grape.

Still no rhyme for the first line, however, until Browne's colleague Ben Jonson used the same form, minus the anapestic metre, in a love song which was part of a play written for the king in 1621:

The faerie beam upon you,
And stars to glister on you,
A moon of light
In the noon of night
Till the firedrake hath o're gone you.

As Gershon Legman points out, it is not only the *di-di-DUM* of anapestic metre that is missing here; the serious topic of love seems somehow inappropriate for the emerging limerick form.

The same applies to a verse written slightly later by Jonson's protégé, poet and clergyman Robert Herrick

(1591–1674), which is sometimes quoted as the first limerick but also features the atypical limerick subjects of love and fairies.

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee:
And the elves also
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

Purists are still not satisfied with any of these as the first ‘true’ limerick. Most are still a few beats short (one or two in each line) and not in anapestic or amphibrachic metre, but some are getting very close and are more like a limerick than not like a limerick, I would have thought.

Perhaps the first real limerick may be a verse about fairies, written by a clergyman, and full of decency and goodwill. Well, I am glad to inform you that Herrick did also write quite a lot of very risqué and bawdy poetry, although not in a limerick form.

I do hate to break the sad news,
Herrick’s is not one I’d choose.
For tho’ there’s a skerrick
Of evil in Herrick
I prefer Shakespeare’s one about booze!

Over the next two centuries the limerick settled into its traditional form and was used mostly for verses about boozing and other crude, misogynistic, sexual, politically incorrect and morally reprehensible subjects. At first the most common topic was drinking, but sex soon outstripped it in popularity.

As we have seen from examples in Shakespeare and from Browne’s 1618 song, the tradition of singing drinking songs with a chorus has been around at least since Elizabethan and

Jacobean times. Around the middle of the eighteenth century the tradition of singing limericks with a chorus evidently grew in popularity in Ireland. Veterans of the Irish Brigade (who fought for France in various campaigns before returning home) are said to have started this activity and it spread from the mess halls to community gatherings where all were invited to sing a verse they knew, or had just composed for the occasion, in the form of a limerick. The chorus was then sung by everyone, and one of the most popular was:

Oh will you come up, come up,
Oh will you come up, I say,
Oh will you come up, all the way up,
All the way up to Limerick?

This concept eventually spread to the music hall where performers would take turns to deliver a limerick in song form while the other performers and audience sang the refrain.

That was a wonderful song, [or ‘luverly song’]
Sing us another one,
Just like the other one,
Sing us another one, do!

The point of historic interest to us here is that one of the most popular refrains in the music halls around 1860 to 1880 was ‘Botany Bay’, giving Australia a tenuous connection to the bawdy limerick tradition. The ‘Botany Bay’ chorus can easily be seen as *double entendre*:

Come all you fair dukies and duchesses,
Take warning from what I’ve to say.
Make sure as you own all you touchesses,
Or you’ll join us in Botany Bay.

Sadly, although most Australians probably believe otherwise, the song 'Botany Bay' has no real or historic connection with Australia at all. It was an entirely British popular song which merely used 'Botany Bay' in the sense of 'a British place of banishment'.

The tradition of singing a chorus in between limericks, and everyone in the group contributing, continued right up until recent times and was much practised on rugby club coach trips and other occasions when I was somewhat younger. Evidently the most common chorus in English speaking nations in the twentieth century had become:

That was a helluva rhyme,
Sing us anotheree,
Just like the otheree,
Sing us anotheree, do!

But I remember it from my rugby days as:

That was a bloody good rhyme,
Tell us anotheree
Dirty as buggery,
Tell us anotheree, do!

There were obviously many variants and it seems our American cousins introduced a different melody and words inspired by the Mexican tune 'Cielito Lindo':

Aye aye aye aye,
In China they never eat chilli.
Here comes another verse,
Worse than the other verse,
Waltz me around again, Willie!

Which we certainly used at my rugby club for variety at times, altered to:

Aye aye aye aye,
In China they do it for chilli.
Tell us anothere
Dirty as buggery,
Tell us anothere do! [very original and varied, you
see]

or:

Aye aye aye aye,
Nice new sombrero [or 'Si, si, señora']
My sister Belinda
She pissed out the winder,
Right inter my blue sombrero! [or 'All over my blue
sombrero']

While these limerick traditions of bawdiness and singing have carried on unbroken till today, other developments in the mid-nineteenth and early twentieth centuries took limericks to much wider audiences.

Firstly, efforts were made to clean up the limerick and make it an entertainment for children. This development was mainly due to Edward Lear, the highly regarded Victorian artist and writer of nonsense verse. He began including limericks in his books of nonsense for children from 1846 and popularised the form as children's entertainment. He was so prolific and successful in his endeavours that many people think he actually invented the limerick. He certainly didn't, not even as children's entertainment.

In fact the first real limerick for children appeared in printed form almost exactly a century earlier, circa 1744, as a nursery rhyme in *Tommy Thumb's Pretty Song Book*. It is, of course:

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Or, as printed in *Tommy Thumb's Pretty Song Book*, 'Hickere, Dickere, Dock'. When London bookseller John Newbery published the first *Mother Goose's Melody* collection of children's rhymes and songs in English some twenty years later (circa 1765), it appeared as 'Dickery, Dickery, Dock' and was thus much more like a French version of the time:

Digerie, digerie, doge.
La souris ascend l'horloge.
L'horloge frappe.
La souris s'échappe,
Digerie, digerie, doge.

It was also a popular children's counting song in the south of Scotland in the eighteenth century, used to determine who had the first turn at games and based on Westmoreland shepherds' telling-numbers (as in 'hevera, devera, dick'—or 'eight, nine, ten'—used when counting sheep aloud and quite appropriate to a clock face, of course). The French and Scottish versions being similar makes good historical sense in light of those two nations' alliances and cultural ties prior to this time.

Offhand I can think of no other nursery rhymes that take the limerick form, but there may well be more.

There is quite a lot of evidence that the limerick was known in France around this time and even earlier. Indeed, the Irish regiments already mentioned as having started the tradition of singing limericks in English did so on their return from France where they had been fighting for Louis XIV. These were the remnants of the Irish Brigade who had fought for King James II and left for France after the surrender of Limerick Castle to William of Orange in 1691.

Some of these regiments remained in France fighting for the French crown for almost a century and are said to have returned home bringing with them the custom of singing limericks. Veterans returning to Limerick carried on the practice there, as previously explained, which, according to some, led to the limerick being given its English name. So there is a case for the limerick as a French invention. *Sacré bleu!*

Anyway, back to Edward Lear and 1846. His limericks irritate me because he always used the same word to rhyme in lines 1 and 5, a practice he seems to have copied from the collections of the 1820s which inspired him. But he did make the limerick so ‘acceptable’ and popular that he is sometimes called ‘the father of the limerick’ or ‘the poet laureate of the limerick’. Here’s one of his:

There was a young lady of Norway
Who casually sat in a doorway.
When the door squeezed her flat
She exclaimed, ‘What of that?’
The courageous young lady of Norway!

While I can accept ‘poet laureate of the limerick’ in relation to Lear, he was a long way from being the form’s founder or father. In fact, he copied not only the form but also much of his subject material from collections of limericks which pre-date his by over twenty years.

Two volumes of limericks were published in 1820, according to *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*. They were *Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Young Ladies* and *The History of Sixteen Wonderful Old Women*, the latter published by John Harris and containing limericks like this one:

There was an old woman named Towl
Who went out to sea with her owl;
But the owl was seasick

And screamed for physic
Which sadly annoyed Mistress Towl.

Strangely enough, Lear was later to write a quite famous poem about an owl going to sea with a pussycat.

In 1822 these volumes were followed by *Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Gentlemen*, published by John Marshall. The fifteen gentlemen were from various exotic places like Bombay, a convention which is now very much part of limerick tradition.

As a little fat man of Bombay
Was smoking one very hot day,
A bird called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

The most famous limerick in *Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Gentlemen* is the one about the man from Tobago. Not only is this limerick mentioned in Dickens' *Our Mutual Friend*, it is also the limerick which, according to Lear himself, gave him the idea of writing limericks as children's entertainments. Here it is:

There was a sick man of Tobago
Who lived long on rice-gruel and sago;
But at last, to his bliss,
The physician said this—
'To a roast leg of mutton you may go.'

It is interesting to note that these volumes referred to the verses as 'anecdotes' or 'histories', the term 'limerick', according to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, not being noted as used until 1898. Indeed Lear himself never seems to have referred to his efforts as 'limericks'.

While Lear was making the limerick (by whatever name he chose to call it) socially acceptable, many other Victorian poets were anonymously continuing the tradition of writing bawdy and erotic examples. It was all very much part of that Victorian double standard. Practitioners included poet laureate Alfred Lord Tennyson, who apparently wrote several thousand which were discovered and destroyed after his death. A sad loss.

A special mention here must go to the poet Algernon Charles Swinburne. He firstly began a tradition of parodying Lear's limericks, for example:

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her toes in a doorway
And said to her beau,
'Darling, don't go!
I think I've discovered one more way!'

But he is also believed to have written this classic:

There was a young girl from Aberystwyth
Took grain to the mill to get grist with.
The miller's son, Jack,
Laid her flat on her back
And united the organs they pissed with.

While they were often written by well-known poets and public figures, ownership was rarely claimed for these bawdy limericks. Another development we can see here, however, is the 'clever' limerick. Just finding two other rhymes for Aberystwyth is an achievement in itself.

There are many variations of the 'Aberystwyth' limerick, by the way, for example:

There was a young girl from Aberystwyth
Whose parents mine used to play whist with,

And, when we were able,
We'd get under the table,
And play with the things that we pissed with.

(If I have any real qualifications for writing this book, which I don't, one of the most valid is probably that I lived two years of my life in Aberystwyth. And very pleasant years they were, too.)

Swinburne certainly started something with his vulgar versions of Lear's limericks.

There was an old man of Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born.
So he sat on a chair
Till he died of despair
That dolorous man of Cape Horn.

quickly became:

There was an old man of Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born.
And he wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of the rubber was torn.

While:

There was an old man of Dundee
Who frequented the top of a tree.
When disturbed by the crows
He abruptly arose
And exclaimed, 'I'll return to Dundee.'

became:

There was an old man of Dundee
Who molested an ape in a tree.
The result was most horrid,
All arse and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

It appears that I'm not the only one irritated by Lear's verses repeating words at the ends of lines; quite a tradition of poking fun at them has developed over the years. It has been responsible for three of my favourite non-limericks. Lear wrote:

There was an old man in a tree
Who was horribly bored by a bee.
When they said, 'Does it buzz?'
He replied, 'Yes it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee.'

To which W.S. Gilbert responded:

There was an old man of St Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp.
When asked, 'Does it hurt?'
He replied, 'No, it doesn't;
I'm so glad it wasn't a hornet.'

Lear also wrote several limericks about old men with beards to which our very own (well, New Zealand's, but we always claim Kiwis when it suits us) John Clarke responded:

There was an old man with a beard,
A funny old man with a beard.
He had a big beard,
A great big old beard,
That amusing old man with a beard.

John Clarke actually wrote a whole series of Lear parodies and send-ups—here's another favourite of mine:

There was an old fellow from Bong
Who hailed in the first place from Bong.
From Bong did he come
With Bongolian Rum,
That humorous old fellow from Bong.

Although I share the opinion implied by these reactions, i.e. that Lear's limericks were rather lame, he certainly made the form popular and accessible to children. Other children's authors followed suit. Here's a much better silly one for kids by a true master of nonsense, Lewis Carroll:

There once was a man from Oporta
Who daily got shorter and shorter.
The reason, he said,
Was the hod on his head,
Which was filled with the heaviest mortar.

Anyway, once the limerick was socially acceptable, writers began to show off by writing clever limericks. My favourite is probably Mark Twain's only known effort:

A man hired by John Smith and Co. [Company]
Loudly declared he would *tho*. [thump any]
Man that he saw
Dumping dirt near his store.
The drivers, therefore, didn't *do*. [dump any]

This belongs to a special class of limerick, those that must be read on the page to make any real sense and that cannot be recited to any effect.

Limericks are credited to W.S. Gilbert (half of Gilbert

and Sullivan), Lewis Carroll, Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, John Galsworthy, T.S. Eliot, W.H. Auden, Ogden Nash and many, many other famed authors, right down to this one credited to science fiction writer Isaac Asimov:

There was a young maid of Peru
Who swore she never would screw,
Except under stress
Of forceful duress,
Like: 'I'm ready. How about you?'

The development that made the limerick truly the 'people's poem' was the intrusion into limerick history of crass commercialism at the very beginning of the twentieth century. On both sides of the Atlantic limericks were used on a huge scale, from about 1905 until World War I, as a means of competing for prize money.

In Britain the competitions were run by magazines and newspapers that invited readers to complete the last line of a limerick. The trick was that entries needed to be accompanied by a postal order, usually for sixpence. Prizes were very substantial for the time and the popularity of the competitions boosted circulations and brought in millions of sixpences.

In the USA things were a little different. Manufacturers of certain products, including cereal, groceries and cigarettes, invited customers to complete a limerick extolling the virtues of the product and to send it in, along with a number of box tops or coupons, thus boosting sales of the product.

In both countries prizes included such things as new homes, very large sums of money and weekly allowances for life. The popularity of these competitions, in an era before public lotteries, quiz programs, radio and television, cannot be imagined today. They certainly helped put the limerick on the map.

One of the most famous exchanges of limericks in the US began with the classic 'Nantucket' limerick being published

in the 14 June 1924 edition of the university magazine *Princeton Tiger*, which had held limerick competitions and published limericks regularly from 1902.

There once was a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all of his cash in a bucket,
But his daughter, named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket, Nantucket.

The *Chicago Tribune* took up the challenge, and a competition held by that newspaper produced:

But he followed the pair to Pawtucket,
The man and the girl with the bucket;
And he said to the man,
He was welcome to Nan,
But as for the bucket, Pawtucket.

Then the *New York Exchange* newspaper took up the challenge and a reader came up with:

Then the pair followed Pa to Manhasset,
Where he still held the cash as an asset,
But Nan and the man
Stole the money and ran,
And as for the bucket, Manhasset.

Appropriately, the *Pawtucket Times* had the last word:

Of this story we hear from Nantucket,
About the mysterious loss of a bucket,
We are sorry for Nan,
As well as the man,
The cash and the bucket, Pawtucket.

I have no idea if these limericks predate the famous rude limerick about the man from Nantucket.

When Gershon Legman maintains that ‘the clean limerick has never been of the slightest real interest to anyone’, he summarily dismisses a lot of categories that have given pleasure and amusement to many children and adults alike. There are many proponents of the clean limerick, and some fine and famous clean limericks, most of which I hope are to be found somewhere in this collection. However, it is true, as Professor Morris Bishop puts it:

The limerick is furtive and mean;
You must keep her in close quarantine,
Or she sneaks to the slums
And promptly becomes
Disorderly, drunk and obscene.

Legman is also scathingly dismissive of the use of the limerick in magazine and newspaper competitions and advertising campaigns, which kept the limerick in the public eye for decades.

Limerick competitions are still run today by radio stations and magazines. Contributor to this book Grahame Watt is, as far as we know, the reigning limerick champion of Australia. He won the title in 1991, when *Aussie Post* magazine ran the contest, with this:

Ayers Rock is so bloody high,
When I climbed it I gave a big sigh,
I let out a cheer,
And said, ‘My God! I’m here,’
And a voice boomed, ‘I know!’ from the sky.

So the limerick has a fascinating history. Who knows what it will be used for next or whether it will survive at all? Let’s hope it does.

Let's help keep the limerick alive,
For the limerick deserves to survive!
Now you know its history,
Its rhyme scheme's no mystery,
Rhyme 3 and 4 . . . 1, 2 and 5.



***THE
CLEAN
SECTION***





SILLY LIMERICKS



Nonsense verse appeals to us all, not just children. Kids learn to distinguish the real from the unreal quite early on. A sense of humour develops as children learn that impossible ideas can be amusing. We develop an imagination and sense of the ridiculous quite early. One of the first limericks I remember learning at primary school is this:

There once was a lady named Lynn
Who was so exceedingly thin
That, when she assayed
To drink lemonade,
She slipped down the straw and fell in.

I remember thinking it was very funny and it was from this limerick that I learned the meaning of the word ‘assayed’ (as in ‘test something out’ or ‘attempt something difficult’), a word I have assayed to use in sentence construction ever since. (There’s a good chance that this limerick also taught me the meaning of the word ‘exceedingly’, another particular favourite of mine.)

I remember the delight I found as a child in the silliness of limericks like these; I’m sure the limerick helped fashion my sense of humour generally. The limerick has much to answer for.

In this section are many I remember from childhood, as well as some I wrote myself while in particularly silly moods, and even some of Edward Lear’s more sufferable efforts and all the tongue-twisters.

There was an old man who said, ‘Hush!
I perceive a young bird in the bush.’
When they asked, ‘Is it small?’
He replied, ‘Not at all.
It is four times as big as the bush!’

There was a young lady in blue
Who said, 'Is it you? Is it you?'
When they said, 'Yes it is,'
She replied only, 'Whizz!'
That ungracious young lady in blue.

There was an old lady of Brooking
Who had a great talent for cooking;
She baked sixty pies
All the same size,
And knew which was which without looking.

There was a young man who asked, 'Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
I'm sure I can do it
If I put my mind to it,
You never can tell till you try.'

There was an old person of Wick
Who said, 'Tick-a-tick, tick-a-tick,
Chickabee, chickabaw,'
Then he said nothing more
This laconic old person of Wick.

A scatterbrained lady named Lou
Once dreamed she was eating her shoe.
She awoke in the morn
And discovered it gorn,
Plus part of her wooden leg, too.

There was an old man of Darjeeling,
Who travelled from London to Ealing,
A sign on the door
Said, 'Don't spit on the floor,'
So he carefully spat on the ceiling.

There was an old baker of Rye,
Who was baked by mistake in a pie,
In a cloud of white dust
He bust through the crust,
And asked, with surprise, 'Where am I?'

There was an old woman of Crete
Who was so exceedingly neat
That she stood on her head
When she got out of bed
To keep from soiling her feet.

There was an old man of Dundee
Who frequented the top of a tree.
When disturbed by the crows
He abruptly arose
And exclaimed, 'I'll return to Dundee.'

There once was a man from Oporta
Who daily got shorter and shorter.
The reason, he said,
Was the hod on his head,
Which was filled with the heaviest mortar.

Most people won't give a fig
But I once owned a thingamajig.
It did a good job,
For a thingamebob,
Like a whatsit, except twice as big.

There once was a Martian named Fred
With antennae all over his head.
He transmitted a lot,
'Di-di-dit-dash-dot-dot,'
But nobody knew what he said.

There was an old lady of Kent
Whose nose was remarkably bent.
One day, they suppose,
She followed her nose,
For no one knows which way she went.



CREATURES

A wonderful bird is the pelican.
His beak can hold more than his belly can.
He can hold in his beak
Enough food for a week.
But I'm darned if I know how the hell he can.

There was an old man who supposed
That the street door was partially closed;
But some very large rats
Ate his coats and his hats,
While that futile old gentleman dozed.

There once was a man with a beard
Who said, 'It is just as I feared,
Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!'

There was an old person of Ware
Who rode on the back of a bear;
When they asked, 'Does it trot?'
He said, 'Certainly not,
It's a Moppsikin Floppsikin bear.'

Said a female snail from Daly Waters,
Who'd married a male scaly tortoise,
'First the stork brought us
A little male tortoise,
Then the stork brought us four snailly daughters.'

There was an old man in a tree
Who was horribly bored by a bee.
When they said, 'Does it buzz?'
He replied, 'Yes it does!
It's a regular brute of a bee.'

As Double-0-7 walked by,
A spider just tried to say 'hi'.
That spider was shot,
Right on the spot,
When he started out, 'Hi, I'm a spi . . .'

Our teacher, towards end of term,
Tied bows on the tail of a worm;
She said, 'Don't be restive,
You really look festive,
You'll wriggle 'em off if you squirm.'

That amazing mollusc the oyster
In its shell, or crustacean cloister,
Can be 'he' or 'she'
Or, apparently,
Both, if it should be its choice ter.

There were three little birds in a wood,
Who always sang hymns when they could;
What the hymns were about
They could never make out,
But they felt it was doing them good.

There's a barber who lives in Belgravia
Known for his faultless behaviour.
When a hairy baboon
Came to his saloon
He said, 'I haven't time, sir, to shave yer!'

There once was a farmer from Slough,
Who took all his meals with a cow,
Always said, 'It's uncanny,
She's just like Aunt Fanny,'
But he never would indicate how.

A goat-bearded mystic I knew
Found a green spotted frog in his stew.
He cried out, 'It's a sign
Which I can't yet define
But will ruminate on while I chew.'



ACCIDENTS AND TRAGEDIES

There was a young lady of Norway
Who casually sat in a doorway.
When the door squeezed her flat
She exclaimed, 'What of that?'
The courageous young lady of Norway!

There once was a lad called Gus,
Who ate apple pie till he bust.
It wasn't the fru-it,
That caused him to do it,
What finished him off was the crust.

An over-fat lady named Mabel
Spent far too much time at the table.
She ate and she ate
Till she gained so much weight
They bedded her down in the stable.

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

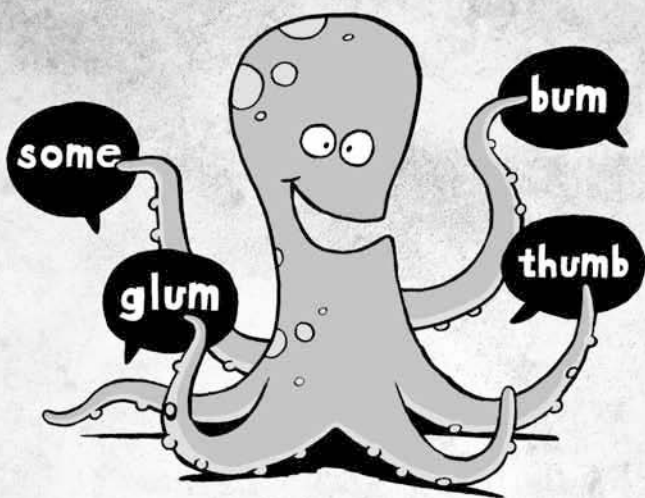
There once was a lady from Clyde,
Of eating green apples she died.
Inside she lamented
The apple fermented,
And made cider inside her inside.

There once was a fellow named Paul
Who went to a food costume ball.
He thought he would risk it
And go as a biscuit,
And a dog ate him up in the hall.

or

There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a fancy-dress ball.
He went, just for fun,
Dressed up as a bun,
And a dog ate him up in the hall.

A science researcher named Bill
Swallowed a nuclear pill.
When the doctor said, 'Cough,'
The darn thing went off.
They discovered his head in Brazil.



FUN WITH WORDS



As I mentioned in the general introduction, the first limerick I remember hearing was the one about the fly and the flea in the flue, and it led to my finding out the meaning of the word ‘flue’. This is a word I have rarely used since, but that’s not the point.

Another fine educational use of the limerick is to help prepare children to speak well, or at least well enough to get their tongues around difficult arrangements of words and sounds. Tongue-twister limericks are a fine tool for teaching elocution—I’m sure many great actors and public speakers owe their success to the limerick.

A certain young chap named Bill Beebee
Was in love with a lady named Phoebe.
Said he, ‘Let me see,
What will the fee be
If I let Phoebe be Phoebe B. Beebee?’

A fellow who would shoot a wood-duck
Said, ‘I know that the wood-duck’s a good duck.
A wood-duck would be good,
I’d shoot one if I could!’
But the wood-duck had good luck, they could duck!

As the mummy crept into his crypt,
On the end of his bandage he trypt.
Down the stairs mummy travelled,
And completely unravelled
To nothingness, all ’cos he slypt.

A tooter who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to the tutor,
‘Is it harder to toot or
To tutor two tooters to toot?’

The bottle of perfume that Willie sent
Was highly displeasing to Millicent
Her thanks were so cold
They quarrelled, I'm told
O'er the silly scent Willie sent Millicent!

One morning I went to the zoo
For I wanted to view the old gnu.
But the old gnu was dead
And the new gnu, they said,
Was too new a new gnu to view.

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were wondering just what to do.
Said the fly, 'Let us flee,'
Said the flea, 'Let us fly.'
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

A canner, exceedingly canny,
Once asked his elderly granny,
'A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?'

There was a young fellow named Fisher
Who was fishing for fish in a fissure;
Then a cod, with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in!
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.



WITTY AND WHIMSICAL



Here's a collection of clean and hopefully amusing limericks, which leads me to ponder on the collective noun for limericks. A 'laughter' of limericks perhaps? A 'looneybin' of limericks, in the case of the nonsensical ones? Perhaps a 'lechery' of limericks for the crude ones?

Some of these are silly and whimsical and others are humorous social commentary. If brevity is, indeed, the soul of wit, then the limerick is the perfect form for this sort of comment.

Many of the jokes and puns that follow are groan-worthy, I'm afraid. Many will remind you, like the gramophone one, of days long gone. We can pretend, though, for the sake of nostalgia and humour, that they aren't such bad literary efforts after all.

I can tell you're a great connoisseur
Of the finest of fine literature.
Reading limericks so wise
You will soon realise,
Great writers are fewer and fewer.

Speaking of great writers, if you're name-spotting be aware that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote the one about the man from the Cape and Rudyard Kipling the one about the boy in Quebec.

While it is true that the limerick is historically more an 'adult humour' art form, it is surprising how many clean ones you can remember if you try. Thinking I'd be hard-pressed to find very many clean ones, I had this one ready:

'Twould be of great interest to see
What my store of limericks might be
If I leave out the lewd ones
And omit all the rude ones—
I'd probably know two or three.

Fortunately, this is not the case.

There was a fat man from Lahore,
The same shape behind as before.
No one knew where
To offer a chair,
So he had to sit down on the floor.

There was an old man of the Cape
Who made himself garments of crepe.
When asked, 'Do they tear?'
He replied, 'Here and there;
But they're perfectly splendid for shape.'

There once was a boy in Quebec
Who was buried in snow to his neck.
When asked, 'Are you friz?'
He replied, 'Yes, I is.
But we don't call this cold in Quebec.'

A doleful old fellow named Leaming
Spent all his days wailing and screaming.
When implored to desist
He would cry, 'Zonjoblist,'
A word of ambiguous meaning.

Said my friend Albert Fiddle to me,
'I'm a student of divinity.
When I graduate
'Twill be my sad fate
To be known as A. Fiddle D.D.'

A feather-brained fiddler named Rouse
Sat alone on the top of his house.
When attacked by some crows

He sedately arose
And played them selections from Strauss.

This gramophone needle won't move;
It appears to be stuck in a groove,
In a groove ... in a groove ...
In a groove ... in a groove ...
In a groove ... in a groove ... in a groove ...

There was a young man from Japan
Who wrote verses that no one could scan.
When told it was so
He replied, 'Yes, I know.
But I always try to fit as many words into the last line
as I possibly can!'

There was a fat lady called Bligh
Who felt she was likely to die,
And for fear that once dead
She would not be well fed,
She gulped down a pig, a cow, a sheep, twelve buns,
a seven-layer cake, four cups of coffee, and a green
apple pie.

An inventor just chuckled with glee
When they fished his old plane from the sea.
'I shall now build,' he laughed,
'A submarine craft,
Perhaps *that* will fly, we shall see.'

My aunt was devoted to Bing
But, when anyone asked her to sing,
She'd say, 'Isn't it odd?
I can never tell "God
Save the Weasel" from "Pop Goes the King"!'

The poor benighted Hindoo
Just does the best he kindoo.
He sticks to his caste
From the first to the last.
And for garments he just makes his skindoo.

No matter how grouchy you're feeling,
You'll find the smile more or less healing.
It grows in a wreath
Around the front teeth,
Thus preserving the face from congealing.

There once was a girl of New York
Whose body was lighter than cork;
She had to be fed
For six weeks upon lead,
Before she went out for a walk.

A young anorexic, Virginia,
Has a figure that's basically linear.
Her vital statistics
Resemble a dipstick's.
Virginia couldn't be skinnier.

There was an old man who said, 'Do
Tell me how I'm to add two and two.
I'm not very sure
That it doesn't make four,
But I fear that is almost too few.'

A hoarder who lived in Bolivia
Collected all manner of trivia:
Platypus eggs,
Nine gallon kegs
And photos of Laurence Olivier.

When composing some music today
Don't do it the regular way,
Just bang on the keys
With your elbows and knees,
And see what the critics all say.

There was a young lady named Harris
Whom nothing could ever embarrass
Till the salts that she shook
In the bath that she took
Turned out to be plaster of Paris.

A young fellow from Timbuktoo
Wrote limericks that stopped at line two.

A limerick fan from Australia
Regarded his work as a failure:
His verses were fine
Until the fourth line
Then he couldn't think of anything . . .

A hopeless romantic named May
Read a love story every day.
When at last she was wed,
She quite sadly said,
'I didn't think it would turn out this way.'

There was a young fellow from Boston
Who thought 'twas the beach he was lost on
But a wave came and took him
And soaked him and shook him.
'Twas the sea he was lost on and tossed on!

A funny old man of Tarentum
Ate steak with his dentures and bent 'em.
When asked 'bout the cost
Of what he had lost,
He said, 'I dunno, I just rent 'em!'

There was a young parson named Perkins
Exceedingly fond of small gherkins.
One summer at tea
He ate forty-three,
Which pickled his internal workins.

Said an envious, erudite ermine,
'There's one thing I cannot determine:
When a girl wears my coat,
She's a person of note.
When I wear it, I'm only called vermin.'

There was a young lady named Rose
Who had a large wart on her nose.
When she had it removed
Her appearance improved,
But her glasses slipped down to her toes.

A dentist named Archibald Moss
Fell in love with the dainty Miss Ross,
But he held in abhorrence
Her Christian name, Florence,
So he called her his dear dental Floss.

A gloomy young fellow named Brian
Put his head on the South Eastern Line
Where he died of ennui
For the 5.53
Didn't come till a quarter past nine.

There was a young fellow called Clyde
Who once at a funeral was spied.
When asked who was dead
He smilingly said,
'No idea, I just came for the ride.'

There once was a boy of Baghdad,
An inquisitive sort of a lad.
He said, 'Let us see
If a sting has a bee.'
And he very soon found that it had.

Mickey Mouse and his lady-love, Min,
Went skating on ice that was thin.
They argued no doubt,
Had a big falling-out,
Followed by a quite big falling-in.

I once asked my dear Auntie Susan
About what my uncle keeps losin'.
Socks and keys 'neath the bed,
And once his own head.
Said Aunt Susan, 'It isn't amusin'!'

There was a young fellow named Willy
Who acted remarkably silly.
At an All-Nations ball
Dressed in nothing at all
He claimed that his costume was Chile.

There was an old man of Calcutta
Who had the most terrible stutter.
He said, 'P-p-p-please
Pass the ch-ch-ch-cheese
And the b-b-b-b-b-b-butter.'

At school Frank was lazy and slow.
When the art teacher said, 'Time to show,'
His paper was blank.
'Don't you see, Miss?' said Frank.
'It's a polar bear out in the snow.'

A frightfully clean baritone
Was always at parties alone.
He was really OK,
What drove girls away
Was the odour of eau de cologne!

There was an eccentric old boffin
Who said, when he couldn't stop coughin',
'It isn't the cough
That carries you off.
It's the coffin they carry you off in!'

I've only a dollar to spend
So I've got very little to lend
But I'd give all I've got
For half of your lot
'Cos you got more than I have, my friend!

Neighbours will constantly row
Over boundaries, some anyhow.
So if yours disagrees
Over fences and trees
Just give in, and then take a bough.

An insurance man came to my door,
Said he'd double my money and more.
He said, 'Listen, sonny,
I'll treble your money.'
I ain't seen him since May '84.

At eighteen I wished and I hoped
For a sports car, but when I groped
For my piggy bank money,
It wasn't real funny,
So I sat on my moped and moped!

I once had a clever old boss
Who knew how to cover a loss.
He'd say, 'Clear out the drawers,
And lock up the doors.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.'

There was a young man from Laconia
Whose mother-in-law had pneumonia.
He hoped for the worst,
And, after March first,
They buried her 'neath a begonia.

They've buried a salesman named Phipps
Who married, on one of his trips,
A widow named Block
And then died of shock
When he found there were five little chips.

There was an old clerk at the War Office
Whose brain was no good as a store office.
Whatever he'd hear
Would go in one ear
And straight out the opposite orifice!

One of the mounted police force
Somewhere in Hyde Park lost his horse.
He searched there for hours
Amongst all the flowers
And then? . . . Rhododendron—of course!

When a cheery young frog on a spree
Saw a restaurant in gay Páree,
The chef said, 'Ah, ha!
Those legs . . . ooh la la,
I'll give you prostheses for free.'

Said a fair-headed maiden of Klondike,
'Of you I'm exceedingly fond, Ike.
To prove I adore you
I'll dye, darling, for you,
And be a brunette, not a blonde, Ike.'

There was an old lady of Wales
Who lived upon oysters and snails.
Upon growing a shell,
She exclaimed, 'It is well.
Now I'll never wear bonnets or veils.'

An earth tremor in gay Páree
Caused a rather large *fromagerie*
To tremble and shake,
Then collapse in the quake,
Leaving quite a large pile of *de brie*.

I wish that my room had a floor.
I don't care so much for a door,
But this walking around
Without touching the ground
Is getting to be quite a bore.

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose.
And as for my hair,
I'm glad that it's there,
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

There once was a bear at the zoo
Who complained he had nothing to do.
'It's boring, you know,
Just to go to and fro,
I think that I'll go fro and to.'

There was an old lady who said,
When she found a thief under her bed,
'Get up from the floor,
You're too near the door,
And you may catch a cold in your head.'

A rabbi who came from Salonika
One Christmas received a harmonica.
This seemed to annoy him,
He said, 'That's for goyim!
So I'll just pretend it's for Hanukkah.'

There's a clever old miser who tries
Every method to e-con-omise.
He said with a wink,
'I save gallons of ink
By simply not dotting my i's.'

I'm the very best scout in my troop,
And the very best cook in the group.
Bread I can toast
And lamb I can roast,
And I've tried, but I cannot pea soup!

An old bloke used to perspire
Because he would sit on the fire.
When they asked, 'Are you hot?'
He declared, 'No, I'm not.
'Cos I'm Pat Winterbottom, Esquire.'

I once thought a lot of a friend
Who turned out to be, in the end,
The southernmost part
(As I'd feared from the start)
Of a horse with a northerly trend.

A classical scholar called Clint
Developed a terrible squint.
With his left-handed eye
He could scan the whole sky
While the other was reading small print.

An old anorexic named Green
Grew so abnormally lean
And flat, and compressed,
His back squeezed his chest,
And sideways he couldn't be seen.

There was an old man in a hearse
Who murmured, 'This might have been worse;
Of course the expense
Is simply immense,
But it doesn't come out of *my* purse.'

There was an old man of Calcutta,
Who coated his tonsils with butter,
And converted his snore
From a thunderous roar
To a soft, oleaginous mutter.

A glutton who came from the Rhine
Was asked at what hour he'd dine.
He replied, 'At eleven,
At three, five, and seven,
And eight and a quarter to nine.'

To his wife said a grumbler named Dutton,
'I'm a gourmet, I am, not a glutton.
Ham, lamb, or jam
I don't give a damn.
I eat what I can, even mutton.'

Said a foolish old housewife in Wales,
'An odour of coal-gas prevails.'
She then struck a light,
And later that night
Was collected in seventeen pails.

I bought a new Hoover today,
Turned it on in the usual way,
And it made a great din
And sucked everything in.
Now I'm homeless with no place to stay!

An camel from Kalamazoo
Confessed he was feeling quite blue.
He said, 'As a rule,
When the weather turns cool,
Us camels get into a stew.'

There once was a girl from Asturias
Whose temper was famous and furious.
She used to throw eggs
At her grandmother's legs,
A habit unpleasant but curious.

A visitor once to Loch Ness
Met the monster, who left him a mess;
They returned his entrails
By the regular mails
And the rest of the corpse by express.

I travelled to Egypt at last
But the trip seemed to go very fast,
And you know it's a mystery
I forgot all that history.
Within weeks it was all in the past.

There once was a sculptor of mark
Whom they chose to brighten Hyde Park.
Some thought his design
Was remarkably fine,
But most liked it best in the dark.

There once was a lady of Lancashire
Who got a good job as a bank cashier,
But she scarcely knew
 $1 + 1 = 2$
And they had to revert to a man cashier.

Said an old crim who lived in the clink,
'There's no reason for raising a stink,
Just 'cos I've a skunk
As a pet in my bunk.
But it's why I've no cellmate, I think.'



SCHOLARLY- PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE AND HISTORY



In the nineteenth century the limerick not only gained social acceptability, it also became a mechanism for scholarly wit and satire. The British humorous magazine *Punch* took up the cause by running competitions based on finding witty endings for topical limericks and also by publishing quite a few related to science and the arts.

Many limericks, including more than a few quite famous ones, were composed by various professors, clerics and academics.

According to W.S. Baring-Gould, in *The Lure of the Limerick*, Professor Carter of Colorado College wrote the one about the value of π and Professor Buller of Manitoba wrote the original about the speed of light (although he didn't mention Einstein in his version, and I prefer it with Einstein). It is well known that Monsignor Ronald Knox wrote the clever one poking fun at Bishop Berkeley, who philosophised that things only exist in the eye of God and we can experience only our perceptions of them:

There once was a man who said, God
Must think it exceedingly odd
If he finds that this tree
Continues to be
When there's no one about in the quad.

But nobody really knows who wrote the reply:

Dear Sir, Your astonishment's odd.
I am always about in the quad:
And that's why the tree
Will continue to be,
Since observed by, Yours faithfully, God.

There's another funny limerick about Bishop Berkeley, I think by Arnold Silcock, which relies for part of its humour on a very badly pronounced final word:

A philosopher once, Bishop Berkeley,
Remarked metaphysically, darkly,
'Half what we see
Can't possibly be
And the other half's rather unlarkly!'

Some of these limericks lack general appeal as they are rather esoteric, and many of them relate specifically to a scholarly reference or scientific theory.

A favourite pastime of mine
Is to *pi* a new value assign.
I'd fix it at 3
'Cos it's easier, see,
Than 3.14159.

A dozen, a gross, and a score
Plus three times the square root of four
Divided by seven
Plus five times eleven
Is nine squared plus zero, no more.

A clever young fellow from Trinity
Finally found the square root of infinity
But after the rigours
Of finding those figures
He quit Maths and took up Divinity.

A sickly old don from Dumfries,
Weighed down by BAs and Lit Ds,
Collapsed from the strain,
Alas, it was plain,
He was killing himself by degrees.

My fencing instructor is brisk
Duelling with him is a risk.
So fast is his action,
The Fitzgerald Contraction
Has shortened his foil to a disk.

From an ancient Egyptian papyrus
A professor translated a virus.
It was rather specific
For an old hieroglyphic:
His computer was cursed by Osiris.

At a lab a technician named Sloan
Pricked his thumb while he spoke on the phone,
A mistake he'd regret
When, years later, he met
His own illegitimate clone.

An amoeba named Sam, and his brother,
Were telling some jokes to each other;
They laughed quite a bit
Until their sides split.
And suddenly each was a mother.

A clever young fellow called Haynes
Is taking incredible pains
To find a new sound
Which, when it is found,
Will travel much faster than planes!

Philosophers often reveal
That pain and such feelings aren't real.
But if you take a pin
And puncture my skin,
I dislike what I think that I feel!

Modern scholars are now quite emphatic
Job's ailments, myopic, rheumatic,
Sclerotic, arthritic,
Or just paralytic,
Were quite simply psychosomatic.

Shakespeare's ghost said, 'Sir, you're mistaken
To believe that my plays are by Bacon!
And because of this lying
In Hell Bacon's frying,
Forsaken because of this faking!'

There once were some learned MDs
Who captured some germs of disease
And infected a train
Which, without causing pain,
Allowed hundreds to catch it with ease.

A young schizophrenic named Struther,
When told of the death of his mother,
Said, 'Yes, it's too bad,
But I can't feel too sad,
After all, I *still* have each other.'

There once was a curate of Kew
Who kept a large cat in a pew.
He taught it each week
A letter of Greek,
But it never got further than *Mu*.

There was an old fellow named Bryan
Whose voice was forevermore cryin',
'Do you think that my shape
Was derived from an ape?
Well, I think Charlie Darwin was lyin'.'

The kings of Peru were the Incas,
Known far and wide as great drincas.
They worshipped the sun
And had lots of fun,
But the peons all thought they were stincas.

Cleopatra, that mean little minx,
When asked what she thought of the Sphinx
Replied, with a smile,
'That old thing by the Nile?
I personally think that she stinks.'

The old Roman Emperor Tiberius
Once laughed himself nearly delirious
When a guard standing near
Slipped and fell on his spear,
With results that were quite deleterious.

One day a man of good cheer
Asked Descartes if he'd like a beer.
The answer he got
Was, 'No, I think not.'
And he watched René D disappear.

In anything written by Dickens,
It's certain the plot always thickens;
With characters, themes
And digressions it teems!
As for sex, though, it's mighty slim pickins.

A crossword composer named Moss
At joking was quite at a loss.
When asked why 'twas true
He hadn't a clue.
He was two down to put one across.

William Bligh was a captain despotic;
He loved order and loathed the chaotic.
He clashed with his crew
When they wanted to do
Some things that he found idiotic.

Fletcher Christian loved women exotic,
And so in a state quite hypnotic
He put Bligh afloat
In a twenty-foot boat.
No wonder poor Bligh was neurotic.

But sound navigation prevails.
With a couple of oars and some sails
Bligh conquered the sea,
And went on to be
Fourth governor of New South Wales.

Galileo once chuckled with mirth
As he watched two rocks falling to Earth.
Then he thought he'd proclaim,
'Their rates are the same,
Independent of shape and of girth!'

Newton said, about gravity's force,
After thinking quite deeply, of course,
'It goes, I declare,
As the inverted square
Of the distance from object to source.'

Einstein had a terrible fright,
When he travelled far faster than light,
For he set out one day,
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous night.

Einstein described gravitation,
In a cleverly thought-out equation,
As spacetime that's curved,
Though he never observed
The planet's exact motivation.

I can't stand the family Stein,
There is Gert, there is Ep, there is Ein.
Gert's writing is bunk,
Ep's sculpture is junk,
And no one can understand Ein.

A firing squad got Ceausescu,
And came to Romania's rescue.
They may get back a king.
What a wonderful thing!
Is democracy better, I ask you?!

Saddam Hussein, I dare say,
Has no fear of spiders today.
But he was like Miss Muffet
There on her tuffet
For both had some curds in their whey.

The tobacco-stained rulers of sport,
Now defending their sponsorship rort,
Might more freely concede
The demise of the weed
If their consciences hadn't been bought.

A critic refused, as reviewer,
To read the obscene and impure;
He soon left the scene
For the books that were clean
Just kept getting fewer and fewer.

A mosquito was heard to complain,
'A chemist has poisoned my brain!'
The cause of his sorrow
Was paradichloro-
Triphenyldichloroethane.

There once was a fly on the wall,
I wonder why it didn't fall.
Because its feet stuck
Or was it just luck
Or does gravity miss things so small?

There once was a girl named Irene
Who lived on distilled kerosene.
But she started absorbin'
A new hydrocarbon,
And since then has never benzene!

The incredible Wizard of Oz
Retired from business becoz
Due to up-to-date science,
To most of his clients
He wasn't the Wizard he woz.

Said an ape as he swung by his tail,
To his offspring both female and male,
'From your offspring, my dears,
In a couple of years,
May evolve a professor at Yale.'

Archimedes, the well-known truth-seeker,
Jumping out of his bath cried, 'Eureka!'
Then ran half a mile,
Wearing only a smile,
And became the very first streaker.

There once was an old man of Esser,
Whose knowledge grew lesser and lesser.
It at last grew so small
He knew nothing at all
And now he's a college professor.



LINGUISTICS AND LOGIC



Normally, as Russell Hannah pointed out to me during the compiling of this collection, limericks are designed to be heard rather than read in solitude:

This morning while lying in bed
A limerick popped into my head.
I rang Jim to recite it,
Rather than write it.
They're better when said than when read.

The ones in this chapter are the exceptions to this rule; they are all based on the quirks of the English language. The practice of using the limerick in this way developed towards the end of the nineteenth century when they were becoming not only very popular but also quite socially acceptable. It became something of a game among writers and those fond of linguistic gymnastics to create limericks of this kind.

I often ponder how lucky we are to have such a hybrid dog's-breakfast of a language. Because English has encompassed so many historic takeovers and amalgamations (Celtic languages, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, Norman French, foreign words from the British Empire, etc.) it has a wonderful complexity and scope not only of vocabulary but also of pronunciation and phonetics. This enables us to create, in English, more jokes based on words and their meanings than in any other language. It also makes this delightful type of limerick possible.

I have separated these into three categories. There are those based on strangely spelled words, those using place-names and those based on the eccentricities of the way we abbreviate certain words and ideas. I hope you enjoy them and start laughing aloud as you read. But remember, it's no good reading them to anyone who asks you what's so funny.



WEIRD SPELLINGS

On the Sydney-to-Hobart yacht race
A captain once called me a 'snacht face'!
I said, 'Sir, you lie,
And I hope, when you die,
You'll reside evermore in a hacht place!'

Hopelessly hooked on meringue
Is Taronga Park's eringue etingue.
When he gets hung over
From eating pavlova
For hours his bottom goes bingue!

One day, while shopping for cabernet,
I saw a cabbie had driven his caberstret.
I called, 'Cabbie don't roam!'
And I took that cab home,
Paid the cabbie and then sent the caberwet.

There was a young maiden, a Sioux,
As tempting as fresh honeydioux.
When she strolled past tepees,
And the braves saw her knees,
They whistled and hollered, 'Wioux-hioux!'

Now what in the world shall we dioux
With the bloody and murderous Sioux
Who, some time ago,
Took an arrow and bow
And raised such a hullabelioux?

When out on the warpath the Siouxs
March single file, never by tiouxs,
And, by 'blazing' the trees,
Can return at their ease,
And their way through the forests ne'er liouxs!

Modern boats each Sioux eschiouxs.
All Siouxs use birch-bark caniouxs.
These are handy and light
And, inverted at night,
Give shelter from storms and from diouxs.

The principal food of the Siouxs
Is maize, which each Sioux briouxs
To hominy make,
Or mix in a cake,
And they eat it with spoons that they chiouxs.

A well-presented hors d'oeuvre
Is a thing that I like to obsoeuvre.
Why, I could just gaze
At an hors d'oeuvre for days.
Perhaps I'm a bit of a poeuvre!

Once a chap eating hors d'oeuvres
Saw a girl with voluptuous c'oeuvres.
And he choked on a bite
As she came into sight.
It was simply a case of bad n'oeuvres.

There once was a blasphemous colonel
Whose oaths were obscene and infolonel.
The chaplain *did* protest
But nobody noticed,
So he jotted them down in his jolonel.

A ferryman once, in the Isles,
Suffered severely from pisles,
So he had to stand,
With his oar in his hand,
And row his boat that way for misles.

There once was a boy in the choir
Whose voice just rose hoir and hoir.
It reached such a height
It went clean out of seight,
And they found it next day in the spoir.

Some day 'ere she grows too antique
My girl's hand in marriage I'll sique;
If she's not a coquette
(Which I'd greatly regruette)
She shall share my ten dollars a wique.

A lady, an expert on skis,
Went out with a man who said, 'Plis,
On the next precipice
Will you give me a kice?
But quickly, before someone sis!'

A boy who played tunes on a comb,
Became such a nuisance at homb,
His ma gave him what for
And asked, 'Do you want more?'
And he tearfully answered her, 'Nomb.'



PLACENAMES

An unpopular youth of Cologne
With a pain in his stomach did mogne.
He heaved a great sigh,
And said, 'I would digh,
But the loss would be only my ogne.'

A young Irish servant in Drogheda
Had a mistress who often annogheda,
Whereon she would swear
In a language so rare
That thereafter no one emplogheda.

Once on the lake at Dubuque,
A girl took a sail with a duque.
And, when he felt sick,
He said, 'Move aside, quick!'
And then leaned across her to puque.

A dentist who lives in Duluth
Has wedded a widow named Ruth.
She's so sentimental,
Concerning things dental,
She calls her new hubby her 'twoth'.

A bibulous chap from Duquesne
Drank a whole jeraboam of champuesne.
As he quaffed the last quaff,
He started to scoff,
'I tried to get drunk, but in vuesne.'

An old couple living in Gloucester
Had a beautiful girl, but they loucester.
She fell from a yacht,
And never the spacht
Could be found where the cold waves had toucester.

A painter who came from Great Britain
Hailed a lady who sat with her knitain.
He remarked with a sigh,
'That park bench, well, I
Just painted it, right where you're sitain.'

A crazy young lady of Harwich
Shocked all the guests at her marich;
She proceeded on skates
To the parish church gates,
While her friends followed on in a carwich.

A crazy young student from Shoreham
Made brown paper trousers and woreham.
He looked nice and neat,
Till he bent in the street
To pick up a pin, then he toreham.

A lady who lived by the Thames
Had a gorgeous collection of ghames;
So she had them set,
In a large coronet,
With a number of small diadhames.

There was a young lady from Twickenham
Whose shoes were too tight to walk quickenham.
She came back from a walk
With her face white as chalk
And took her shoes off and was sickenham.

There was a young lady of Munich,
Whose appetite simply was unich.
'Oh my,' she cooed,
'I really like food.'
And she let out a tuck in her tunich.

A fellow who lived in New Guinea
Was known as a silly young nuinea.
He utterly lacked
Good judgment and tacked,
For he told a plump girl she was skuinea.

A bright little maid in St Thomas
Discovered a suit of pajhomas.
Said the maiden, 'Well, well!
Whose they are I can't tell.
But I'm pretty sure these St Mhomas.'

A globe-trotting man from St Paul
Made a trip to Japan in the faul.
One thing he found out,
As he rambled about,
Was that Japanese ladies St Taul.



ABBREVIATIONS

She frowned and called him Mr
Because in sport he kr
And so, in spite,
That very night,
The Mr kr sr.

A man hired by John Smith and Co.
Loudly declared he would tho.
Man that he saw
Dumping dirt near his store.
The drivers, therefore, didn't do.

We once had a boring old Rev.
Whose sermons all seemed like they'd Nev.
I know it was wrong
But each one was so long
That I prayed for relief for my Neth.

A lady from way down in Ga.
Became quite a notable fa.
But she faded from view
With a quaint I.O.U.
That she signed, 'Miss Lucrezia Ba.'

When you think of the hosts without no.
Who are slain by the deadly cuco.
It's quite a mistake
Of such food to partake!
It results in a permanent slo.

As he filled up his order book pp.
He decided he needed more ww.
So he struck for more pay
But, alas, now they say
He is sweeping out elephants' cc.

A girl who weighed many an oz.
Used language I dare not pronoz.
When a fellow unkind
Pulled her chair out behind
Just to see (so he said) if she'd boz.

There's a girl out in Ann Arbor, Mich.,
To meet whom I never would wick.
She'd gobble ice cream
Till she'd make me scream,
Then she'd order another big dich.



STRANGELY SPELLED NAMES

Said a kid in the pantry, called Beauchamp,
'Those lollies, now how shall I reauchamp?
My sisters I'd ask
To help with the task
But they refuse every time I beseauchamp.'

There once was a fellow called Cholmondeley
Who in company always sat dolmondeley;
When the guests had all fled,
His wife often said,
'Oh Cholmondeley, you do behave rolmondeley!'

A young man named Cholmondeley Colquhoun
Kept, as a pet, a babuhoun.
His mother said, 'Cholmondeley,
I don't think it's quite colmondeley
To feed your babuhoun with a spuhoun.'

There was a composer named Liszt
Whose music no one could resizt.
When he swept the keyboard
No one could be bored,
And now that he's gone he is miszt.

A young Scottish lassie named Menzies
Asked her aunt, 'Do you know what this thenzies?'
Said her aunt, 'Gracious me,
That thenzies a bee,
And you're holding it right where the stenzies!'

A young English woman named St. John
Met a red-skinned American In John,
Who made her his bride,
And gave her, beside,
A dress with a gaudy bead Fr. John.

There was a young lady named Wemyss
Who, it semyss, was afflicted with dremyss.
She'd wake in the night
In a terrible fright,
And shake the roof bemyss with her scremyss.



**FAIR
DINKUM
CLEAN
ONES**



Here are a bunch of 'G' rated limericks about Aussie characters, places, attitudes and behaviour. You will notice that the selection is biased towards modern times in the fields of sport and entertainment, yet in the categories of explorers and bushrangers it is heavily slanted towards past eras for some reason.

I have tried to capture an essential Aussie flavour in this chapter, although stereotypes tend to narrow our view of ourselves. Jack Paton, who was sometime chief of staff at the *Daily Telegraph* and ended his career as editor of *TV Times* magazine, noted this in his limerick:

A rort in suburban Australia
Can be, one may say, *inter alia*,
An elegant night
With nobody tight
Or simply a beer bacchanalia.

(Interesting to see how the meaning of 'rort' has changed from the one meant here, 'shindig', to 'corrupt perquisite' over just a few decades.)

As well as being about typically Aussie subjects, these limericks are mostly written in the Aussie vernacular, which makes them quite different from those funny limericks we all remember and love that are very British and have their own section in this book.

In the face of US cultural imperialism, the Australian language still retains a unique character. It is actually the way we use words, rather than the words themselves, that gives Aussie English a unique flavour. Most of the so-called Aussie words are actually cockney, Irish or invented in the 1960s by Barry Humphries. One limerick (by ex-friend Grahame Watt!) struck me as demonstrating quite well this particularly Aussie-style turn of phrase:

A Sydney feller called Haynes
Is just a bit light on for brains,
And I'm telling you,
I can prove this is true,
'Cos he still stands outside when it rains.

The expressions 'just a bit light on' and 'I'm telling you' have a very Aussie ring to them, and it is a very 'bushie' thing to refer to someone as 'a Sydney feller' or similar. This is the Aussie language I still hear in the bush and the towns and the suburbs, and I love it.

While the following limericks are all 'G' rated and mostly inoffensive, I haven't attempted to censor any politically incorrect ones. I refuse to join the ever-growing band of those who revise our history in retrospect.

There once was a captain named Cook
Sailed south just to have a quick look.
There he found a land,
Stuck a flag in the sand,
And that's how native title got took.

'I say, this harbour's first rate,'
Quoth A. Phillip, one seven eight eight,
'It's the best in the world!'
And the flag was unfurled,
Jan. twenty-sixth was the date.

The First Fleet was eleven small ships
Full of convicts on single-way trips.
Plus some soldiers to beat 'em,
And generally mistreat 'em,
Should those felons make any more slips.

When summertime comes to Australia
Thongs and stubbies are formal regalia.
With sun, surf and beer
For most of the year,
It's the land of the long bacchanalia.

Public holidays Aussies aren't lacking,
There's Melbourne Cup day for horse-backing,
And then there's a day,
Just before May,
When old soldiers do their Anzac-ing.

Using radar and locating skills,
I've searched all the deserts and hills,
But I simply can't win,
I've had to give in.
Oh! where have you gone, Burke and Wills?

Some explorers have names that are novel,
But Strzelecki and such make you grovel.
Why can't they be
More like you and me,
With proper names like Hume and Hovell?

Ned Kelly was game for a fight,
As he proved at Glenrowan one night.
Now 'game as Ned Kelly'
Means fire in the belly
And standing by what you think's right.

Henry Lawson was too melancholic,
Never learned how to party and frolic.
A wonderful writer
But a difficult blighter,
Who ended up quite alcoholic.

Banjo Paterson's verses ring true,
I think they're terrific, don't you?
He's best known, I fancy,
For 'Snowy' and 'Clancy'
But wrote lots of other beauts, too!

Norman Lindsay, now he was a good 'un!
'Tho' the prudes said he did things he should'n.
Each painting and etching
I find very fetching,
And we all love the dear *Magic Puddin'*.

There once was a horse called Phar Lap
Who kept winning despite handicap.
The mighty Red Terror,
No other horse ever
Deserved such a cheer and a clap.

Donald Bradman's a legend and more.
As a batsman he'd always top score.
As a sportsman none greater,
As an bloke—a first-rater,
With an average 99.94.

Namatjira once showed us, first hand,
The magic and truth of our land.
His paintings could speak
Of a beauty unique,
Perhaps one day we'll all understand.

There once was a bloke, T.J. Smith,
A great trainer to have horses with.
His skill with a horse
Was a legend of course.
A legend that is, not a myth.

Dame Edna is larger than life.
Of course, she's Norm Everage's wife.
She throws gladdie blossoms
And calls us all 'possums',
While her satire cuts like a knife.

A Slim boy from Kempsey named Dusty
Sang with a voice strong and lusty.
And fifty years later
His fame was much greater
And his voice not a little bit rusty.

There once was a girl from Balmain
The best swimmer ever, that's plain.
Yes, the best ever born,
That's our Golden Dawn,
We'll never see her like again.

No matter where Germaine Greer ends,
There's one message that her career sends:
If you think that you're right,
Go and fight a good fight,
At least you might kick a few rear ends.

Though the great days of TV are gone
With *Hey Hey* and Gra Gra and Don,
There's an icon surviving,
In fact he's still thriving!
Yes, Bert Newton goes on and on.

Phil Anderson's cycling fame
Caused Frenchmen to give him a name.
They called him 'Le Skippy',
'Cos he was so zippy,
And 'twas from Australia he came!

Rod Laver and Newcombe and Hoad
The centre court proudly bestrode.
Cash, Emerson, Fraser,
Each one scored a blazer,
But Rosewall missed out; well, I'm blowed!

When tennising icons are sought,
Evonne Goolagong and Margaret Court
Should not be left out,
For there is no doubt
That they were the best in their sport.

Shane Gould and Susie O'Neill,
Fanny Durack, they all have appeal.
Wilhelmina Wiley,
The lovely Sam Riley,
They all deserved medals I feel.

Norman Gunston said, 'Though I'm a star,
There are others more handsome by far.
My face? I don't mind it,
After all, I'm behind it!
It's the people in front that I jar.'

There's a trainer of horses named Bart
And there's two things that set him apart:
His hair's silver grey
And he trains 'em to stay,
He's won twelve Melbourne Cups for a start.

Fred Hollows brought sight to the blind
That the rest of the world left behind.
He showed by example
That, if you have ample,
The least you can do is be kind.

Jeff Fenech sure knew how to brawl,
As a fighter he always stood tall.
He was a jaw-rattler,
A real Aussie battler,
And of course he said, 'I love youse all!'

There's a Wellington poet named Blue
Whose topical verses ring true,
Be it skiting or boasting
Or political roasting,
There's nothing that Old Blue can't do!

There's a cute pocket rocket called Kylie
Who's talented, t'riffic and smiley.
She can dance, act and sing.
She can do anything!
And she never does anything shyly.

'Twas Pauline, that One Nation dame,
Who gained instant national fame
When she answered a query
With, 'What's that mean, dearie?
Please explain, please explain, please explain.'

In the matter of being impressed,
In politics, which is the best?
A loud fiscal bellow
From Peter Costello,
Or simply, a bullet-proof vest?

A politician's praise can be measly,
And certainly doesn't come easily.
When I asked one coward,
'What's your view of Howard?'
He said, 'None, 'cos I sit behind Beazley.'

Laurie Lawrence has brought us great joy,
Every Aussie, man, woman, girl, boy,
And it's all because he
Goes, 'Aussie, Aus, Aussie!'
And we can reply, 'Oy! Oy! Oy!'

There was a tough horse called Octagonal,
Made bookies retreat with their bag 'n' all.
Punters kept grinning
As he kept on winning
Those big races, yes he did snag 'em all.

Jelena Dokic? A fabulous star!
With a wonderful stroke repertoire
That she learned here in Aus,
But she left us because
Her career with Damir is bizarre!

The 1500 gets all Aussies cheering,
'Cos Aussie champs just keep appearing.
The latest to crack it
Were Thorpey and Hackett
And boy, did we love that bloke Kieren!

Shane Warne put great spin on the ball,
And often deceived one and all.
He could flip a strong 'un,
And had a good wrong 'un,
'Howzat?' was the clarion call!

When I bought an expensive Brett Whiteley
I asked my grandma, who's still sprightly,
'Tell me what you think, Gran.'
And she said, 'Well, I can,
But I can't really put it politely!'

There's a Waterhouse lady called Gai,
One of Sydney's top trainers today.
But I guess that with
A dad like T.J. Smith,
She was destined to go a long way.

When somebody asked Jana Wendt
What she usually gave up for Lent,
She replied, 'Well, one year
I gave up a career,
Did anyone see where it went?'

At tennis I challenged Pat Rafter,
And for years and for years ever after,
When I told the tale,
My friends, without fail,
Would fall around helpless with laughter.

Lleyton Hewitt's reputation is growing,
With cap back to front and hair flowing.
He said, 'It's a ruse,
It's meant to confuse,
They don't know if I'm coming or going!'

Cathy Freeman, we all know it's true,
You're a real champ through and through.
You're sometimes a dag
But you know that one flag
Doesn't quite mean the same thing as two.

Nicole Kidman didn't know who to choose,
After she'd had a short Cruise,
Then she did a duet
With a singer she met.
At least they're not singing the blues.

When an Aussie says grace right out loud,
While all other heads remain bowed,
He'll take a quick look
At the size of the chook,
And hop in before all the crowd.

Now city folk eat kangaroo,
Well, cuisine magazines say they do,
While a bushie's a glutton
For steak and for mutton.
I think that seems silly, don't you?

I've a twenty, a ten and a five
And I think I'm okay to survive
Till the pubs open up
Then I'll fillet my cup
And hope reinforcements arrive!

When at eighteen I drank my first beer
I found the taste awfully queer
But I gulped it all down
With a terrible frown.
Now I'm hooked, and it's so bloody dear!

Whenever a football fan dies
And enters into paradise,
How quickly the silence
Is broken with violence,
And shouts such as 'C'arn the Pies!'

An Aussie bloke once in Paree,
Whose knowledge of French was '*Oui, oui*',
Was asked, '*Parlez-vous?*'
And replied, 'Same to you!'
What a master of fast repartee!

There was a young girl from Australia
Who went to a dance as a dahlia.
When her petals uncurled
They revealed to the world
That the dahlia she wore was a failure.

A shearer from west of Paroo
Found quite a large mouse in his stew.
The cook said, 'Don't shout
Or wave it about,
Or the rest will be wanting one too!'

In the outback they make a fine stew,
A cultural dish it is true . . .
What is killed on the road
They cook—*à la mode*.
It's 'chili con carnage' to you!

A gnu at Taronga Park Zoo
Fell in love with a girl kangaroo.
She said, 'Don't be a fool,
You should know the rule
That a roo and a gnu do not wool!'

Said a dingo when hunger beset him,
To see what his cunning could get him,
'Mrs Roo, can I crouch
And look in your pouch?'
But her joey said, 'Mummy, don't let him!'

Ayers Rock is so bloody high,
When I climbed it I gave a big sigh,
I let out a cheer,
And said, 'My God! I'm here,'
And a voice boomed, 'I know!' from the sky.



AUSSIE PRIME MINISTERS



Why would anyone want to write a limerick about every Australian prime minister? I haven't got a clue what the answer is but Grahame Watt, Russell Hannah and myself did it anyway.

Our initial PM did rescind
Some laws for those who had sinned,
And some poets upstart'n'
Used his name, Edmund Barton,
To write verses relating to wind.

A prime minister called Alfred Deakin
Was noted for his public speakin'.
He said to a minion,
'If I've an opinion
I'm not backward at sticking my beak in.'

Chris Watson's forgotten, but still he
Was the Aussie PM born in Chile.
And although I give ya
That interesting trivia
He won't stay in your memory, will he?

Before being elected, George Reid
Said, 'I'm all for the arts, so take heed;
If I win the election,
I'll have an erection.'
(?Twas a statue of David, indeed!)

That cheerful PM Andrew Fisher
Was acclaimed by every well-wisher,
But sadly to tell,
His government fell
Through a cabinet split (not a fissure).

A prime minister fine Joseph Cook
Said, 'I'll run this land by the book.
Not the Bible, you fools,
But my own set of rules!
No wonder the country went crook.

When Billy Hughes went to Versailles,
He didn't see quite ailles to ailles,
With each head of state
He met *tête-à-tête*,
While demanding his slice of the pailles.

That superior chap Stanley Bruce
Had ideas that were rather obtuse.
When he started to rage,
Like a bear in a cage,
His visage would turn a deep puce.

That busy prime minister, Scullin,
Found statutes that needed some cullin'.
He said his belief
Was to keep it all brief,
And some laws needed voidin' and nullin'.

That Tasmanian tiger, Joe Lyons,
After hearing the jibes and the whines,
Said, 'Parliament, true,
Is a bit like a zoo,
And some of the members are swines.'

When kindly and solemn Earle Page
Was asked did he ever engage
In a lowly position,
He made this admission:
'At school I played Bottom on stage.'

When Menzies sold scrap to the Japs,
He said, 'They seem decent chaps,'
But then it returned,
As bombs and things burned.
He shouldn't have done it, perhaps.

Artie Fadden, we've almost forgot,
As PM he had a lean trot.
But he had a nice style
For a very brief while,
For that reason we liked him a lot!

Our wartime PM was John Curtin,
With Uncle Sam he started flirtin'.
He said, "God Save the King"
Has a quite pleasant ring,
But he won't save Australia, that's certain.'

When Curtin was called to the Lord
His successor became Francis Forde.
For a week and a day,
A quite short delay,
Then Ben Chifley took up the sword.

Ben Chifley had leadership skill.
We remember that train driver still,
For, through the dark days,
He found many ways
To nurture the Light on the Hill.

Train driver Ben Chifley was pained
When they said no degree he had gained.
For the qualification
For running this nation
Was to be just like he was, 'well-trained'!

I remember the era, don't you,
When voters to Menzies were true.
Gee things were stable,
And Australia was able
To doze for a decade or two.

Harold Holt said, 'I'll go all the way,
With my Yankee pal, Lyndon B.J.'
But 'twas too far for him
When he set out to swim,
And he hasn't been seen to this day.

Some called John McEwen just 'Mac',
Which he didn't consider too slack,
For he said he preferred
That nice-sounding word
To hearing the nickname 'Black Jack'.

John Gorton displayed some perversity,
And in wartime and peace showed diversity;
Whether up in the air
Or in parliament's chair,
He flew in the face of adversity.

Here's to Billy McMahon, good upon ya!
To the far right he always would con ya!
But in the US
He bought a new dress,
Exposing the left side of Sonia.

'It's Time,' said Gough Whitlam, 'and this'll
Make the hairs on all rednecks bristle.'
And social reform
For a time was the norm,
And afterwards came the dismissal.

Malcolm Fraser decided to try
To get in by denying supply,
And, with John Kerr's defection,
He won an election
And became our PM by and by.

Bob Hawke often said with a grin
'Arrghhh . . . I'll do what I can just to win!'
So he promised the world
But not much unfurled
After voters had voted him in.

That fiscal reformer Paul Keating
Gave the Liberal mob quite a beating.
He stole their ideas
For a couple of years
And his insults do not bear repeating.

John Howard was down on his knees,
Praying, 'Send me some more refugees,
So I can revile 'em
For seeking asylum
And win an election with ease.'

In Kevin Rudd's mind ever-forming,
Amongst all of the thoughts in there swarming,
Were ideas neverending
To stimulate spending
And stop the globe and economy warming.

Julia Gillard arrived on the scene
And decided to wipe the slate clean.
It seemed Kevin Rudd
Was a bit of a dud
And therefore he was 'Gillardteened'.



**AUSSIE
PLACES
(‘G’ RATED)**



This chapter is the book I intended to compile originally: a collection of limericks about Aussie placenames. About half the following limericks are either adapted or cannibalised from traditional limericks, while the others are original. These are the clean ones; there is another collection of rude ones later on.

I tried not to include too many painful distortions of placename pronunciations just to get a good rhyme or joke, but I didn't always succeed. There are a few places where you have to stress an odd syllable to make the scansion work.

So friends won't feel neglected, I tried to find a limerick about every place in Australia where I've lived for more than twelve months. Sydney was easy: there are a heap of limericks about Sydney which all end in the fairly dreadful rhyme 'didn't he?', for example:

A Japanese tourist to Sydney
Had a yen for the best steak and kidney.
He became overweight
And died as he ate.
Overdid steak and kidney, didn't he?

Here are the country towns where I lived and worked as a teacher, just so they'll know I didn't forget:

As I walked down the street at Menindee
I unluckily stepped on a bindi
Which had such a long prong
It went right through my thong!
Boy, did I kick up a shindy!

It's remarkably easy to tell
I taught lotsa kids in Inverell.
For now they're all grown

It's quite widely known
They can't read well or write well, or spell.

A barmaid working in Gunnedah
Just bought a new blouse and a wonderbra,
And the pub's doing well
For the male clientele
Stay longer to ponder what's under thar!

I tried but couldn't find the rhymes to finish my Tamworth
limerick—this is as far as I got with it:

In Tamworth there lived an old miss
Who'd never been given a kiss.
She drank port for her heart
Till it caused her to . . . belch,
And she swore that she'd stay off the . . . drink.

Maybe my Tamworth friends can find the elusive rhymes I
need. Wagga Wagga was easier:

'Excuse me,' I said to a jogger,
'Where in Wagga can I find a logger?'
He said to me glumly,
'Out near Gumly Gumly,
And never call Wagga Wagga *Wagga*.'

When it comes to my mythical hometown of Weelabarabak,
the town drunk has a limerick:

Weelabarabak's dipso called Dan
Is a derelict drunken old man.
If he can't get beer
He drinks metho, I hear,
Though I'm darned if I know how he can.

As you read through this section, just consider how lucky you are to live in a country with such great placenames. Over six hundred indigenous languages and dialects was a good start, I guess. Because of the diversity of these languages we get a great variety: the plural double names (Kin Kin, Wagga Wagga, etc.), the lovely Nyungar names that end in ‘-up’ from Western Australia, and the musical names like Warrumbungle and Parramatta. After the Aboriginal names we have the good old British names like Windsor and Port Lincoln, the Celtic placenames such as Inverell and Glenrowan, and then the nice colonial ones like Taillem Bend and Yorkey’s Knob.

So here they are. Sorry if your town missed out: look in the dirty section further on or write one of your own and send it to me for edition three.

A bumbling bushie from Adelong
Could ride anything with a saddle on!
But in a canoe
He hadn’t a clue
Tho’ we told him he’s holdin’ his paddle wrong!

Old Alfred, from Alfred Cove,
Is a colourful old cove, by Jove!
With a pink kitchen sink,
Purple curtains, I think,
And his stove, in the alcove, is mauve.

You’ll certainly like Aratula
Tho’ in summer you might like it cooler.
When evening comes
The locals beat drums
And get cooler by dancing a hula!

Said a printer from Armidale way,
'There's nothing that I can't portray!'
But the copy he wrote,
Of a ten-dollar note,
Was so good he is now in Long Bay.

A chap from the Artesian Basin
Declared with some slight animation,
'Like our water, I'm sure,
My love-life is pure,
(With only slight adulteration).'

There was a strange lady from Attadale
Whose obsession was simply to pat a whale.
She said, 'I'd love to pat
A male whale that's fat
And then pat a male that's a fatter whale!'

One Easter in a café in Austinmer
I asked, 'What's a hot cross bun cost in here?'
Said the waiter, 'Oy vay!
Please be on your way!
We do not sell buns that are crossed in here!'

Once an old miser from Ayr,
To save on the cost of a fare,
Sent himself to Newcastle
In a brown paper parcel.
They stamped him, but he didn't care.

A yarn spinner living near Baan Baa
Kept all his yarns in a yarn jar.
He said, 'I'll go to town
And spread 'em around
As soon as I can start me darn car!'

When the Queen came to old Balaklava,
Her accent was 'terribly rather'.
It was all 'scowns and jarm'
And 'just call me ma'am'.
It was all just a bit 'how's ya father'!

There was a young man from Balmain
Who was thought to be slightly insane.
When his girlfriend said, 'Kiss me,
And mind you don't miss me,'
He asked for a fortnight to train.

There was a young bird from Balmain
Who declared she had men on the brain.
But you knew from the view
Of her waist as it grew
It was not on her brain that they'd lain.

Said a bimbo from Balwyn, 'I think
This coat I've been given is mink.
I hope that it is,
If it isn't, gee whizz,
There's going to be quite a stink!'

A flea and a fly from Barcoo
Were sprayed with some aerosol goo.
Said the fly, 'This is death!'
But the flea held his breath,
Till his tiny face coloured quite blue!

A long-suffering fellow from Bargo
Had a wife who was quite a virago.
So he drugged her and sacked her
And packaged and packed her
Off to Peru, labelled 'cargo'.

A Bass bloke thought he was a whiz
With girls, so he tried kissing his.
She said, 'It can't be,
'Less you're stronger than me,
An' darling, I'm sure that you is!'

There once was a man from Blackheath
Who sat on a pair of false teeth.
He rose with a start
And said, 'Bless my heart,
I've bitten myself underneath!'

There was an old bloke from Bodalla
Whose face had turned a deep yalla.
It wasn't disease,
He just ate too much cheese.
That was the cause of his palla.

A home brewer from Bogan Gate
Drank his own brew and so tempted fate.
From his deathbed
He cheerfully said,
'It must have been something I ate.'

There's an old maid who lives at Bondi
And she is so painfully shy
That she turns out the light
When undressing at night,
For fear of the All-Seeing Eye.

There was a young lady from Boort
Whose legs were excessively short.
When combing her hair
She would stand on a chair
And lean on the back for support.

A cricketing fellow from Boort
Took Laxettes in a game and was caught,
Not by the keeper,
Mid-off or the sweeper,
The way he was caught was caught short!

There was a young lady from Bowen
Who was always late comin' and goin'.
So she poured turpentine
Down the back of her spine
And lit out for places unknown.

I met an old fellow at Breeza
Called Caesar, who lived in a freezer.
He told me, 'It's nice,
If you like ice!'
I thought, 'Geeze you're a silly old geezer!'

A circus performer from Breeza
Had an act with a lady called Lisa.
When this nubile girl
Said, 'Let's go for a whirl,'
He'd seeza, trapeeza and squeeza.

In intelligence testing you might
Think every town's average, right?
Some clever, some thick,
Except down in Vic
Where there's a *whole village* that's Bright!

A saintly young lady from Brim
Was decidedly proper and prim.
When beseeched to transgress
She would never say yes,
But would piously warble a hymn.

A lady from near Brindabella
Kicked a fella and broke his patella
When he tried to sell her
A yellow rosella
And she wanted a yellow corella.

A blonde from Brunswick, sweet lamb,
Decided to travel by tram.
When she embarked
The conductor remarked,
'Your fare?' And she said, 'Yes, I am!'

Brisbane is quite a fine city,
With sunshine and flame trees, so pretty.
The bridge is real long,
And the river don't pong,
If you don't live there, that's a pity.

The Barrier Reef fishing bans
Made a whole school of tuna make plans
To swim there and stay
But they went the wrong way
And they ended up where? Why, in Cairns!

A dentist who lives in Campania
Said, 'Don't be alarmed—I won't pain yer.'
But his technique was crude
And the yells which ensued
Shattered windows all over Tasmania.

In Canberra, where pedants belong,
One said to me once, 'Something's wrong!
For it's clearly absurd
To think that a word
Like *abbreviation*'s so long!'

Politicians in Canberra's fair city
Tax to the max without pity.
Then they all take
A 'golden handshake'
And stash it away in their kitty.

In Australia there's towns to confound ya,
And strange-sounding names to astound ya.
As Frank Daniels said,
With his face turning red,
'Why's Can-o-windra called Canowndra?'

A Canowindra fellow named Joe
Had a hangnail upon every toe
And corns and bunions
The size of onions.
He can walk, but he's terribly slow.

A fat fellow from Captains Flat
Was fatter than that, really fat!
He guzzled and gobbled,
When he walked it all wobbled
And it still wobbled after he sat.

A fellow who lived at Carinda
Found his house burnt to a cinder.
'Oh dear me,' he said,
'My wife may be dead.'
But it seems she'd jumped outa the winder.

When served with his drink in Ceduna
A tourist, who'd ordered a schooner,
Said, 'What's with the middy?
I'm from the city,
I want one that'll get me drunk sooner!'

A fettler who worked at Chullora
Was a phenomenal snorer.
When he went to bed
The neighbours all said,
'Here comes the Southern Aurora.'

A teetotal winemaker from Clare
Had plenty of money to spare.
So when told that his wine
Was not fit for swine,
He replied, 'Why the hell should I care?'

There was a old fellow from Clunes
Who lived on a diet of prunes.
He ran like a flash
For the 100 yard dash,
And left the world record in ruins.

A voracious old fellow from Clunes
Ate immoderate numbers of prunes,
Only pausing to take
Pickled onions and cake
In the mornings and mid-afternoons.

A midget from near Cockatoo
Wanted to live in a shoe.
Size six was too small,
So he went down the mall
And bought a size ten, with a view.

If ever you're in Come-By-Chance
Give it more than a mere passing glance.
Take enough time
To recite this 'ere rhyme
And shake the ants outa your pants.

Opal miners resemble the mole,
In Coober Pedy they live down a hole.
At Lightning Ridge too
That's what miners do
But they come up at night for a stroll.

A tough town is old Coober Pedy,
The home of the needy and greedy
Where they say there is no pal
Compared to an opal.
And are they correct? Yes, indeedy!

A Coral Sea diver named Pete
Said, 'My theory is almost complete,
If I make some plunges
And remove all the sponges,
The sea will be deeper by feet.'

A old fiddler from Croydon Park
Liked fiddling best in the dark.
When people asked why,
He said, 'Well, I'm shy,
When the light's on I just lose my spark.'

A codger from Cudjee once cried,
'I think that I'm dying,' and died.
The coroner said,
'This old codger seems dead.'
Which he was, as this rhyme has implied.

An unlucky young chap from Culgoa
Was once cruelly cut up in a mower.
He could sing merrily
In the key of high C
But just couldn't get down any lower.

Said a joker from old Cunnamulla,
'Now you can't joke about race or colour,
Political correctness,
With all its perfectness,
Is making my life a lot duller!'

A cricketing captain of Devonport
Discovered one day he was seven short.
He said, 'We're just four,
We need a few more.'
The three agreed, 'We need eleven, sport.'

An old drover near Dirranbandi
Was really bow-legged and bandy.
'Twas a nuisance, of course,
But when riding a horse
He found that it came in quite handy.

Said a plasterer's mate from Doncaster,
'I can plaster much faster than master
Tho' my new plaster blaster's
A fast plaster caster,
It's disaster if I plaster faster!'

Said the mayor of the town Dunedoo,
'Your dunny jokes are nothing new.
Such words are a waste,
And in really bad taste,
The impression they give is untrue.'

It seems that new Duntroon recruits
Find their bottoms just keep doing toots
For they breakfast at six
And with their Weetbix
They always have several fruits.

When visiting folk in Euabalong
It's the custom that you take a slab along,
For they do like a drink,
So it's wise too, I think,
If you want to go home, take a cab along.

There was an old man from Eugowra
Who went for a day trip to Nowra.
He wanted to see
The sea, see? 'Cos he
Had never been further than Cowra.

There's a fellow who paints out in Forbes,
He daubs and he daubs and he daubs.
But he can't seem to finish,
'Cos his paint is too thinnish,
And his canvas simply absorbs!

Some Furracabad folk, I've heard,
Think the name of their town is absurd,
While others will state
That they think it's just great.
(I think it sounds like a rude word!)

There's a family I know at Garah,
When they go anywhere they go far,
For Garah's a long way
From most places, I say,
It's a good job they've got a fast car.

Said a singer from down in Geelong,
'With my talent I cannot go wrong!'
But the bankruptcy court
Got rid of that thought
And sold him all up for a song.

That Bill guy who lives out at Gilgai
Sang too high till he was an ill guy.
The doctor said, 'Bill,
Your singing's too shrill,
Here's a pill, try less shrill singing, Bill. Bye!'

A lass at a place known as Gin-Gin
Said, 'Us local girls are quite thin-thin,
'Cos,' she said, 'for our tea
We eat mango (fat-free)
And nothing that comes from a tin-tin.'

Two religious girls, Avis and Mavis,
Were hopelessly lost in Glen Davis,
So they prayed and implored,
'We're in Glen Davis, Lord!
It's Avis and Mavis! Please save us!'

Glenelg puts a smile on my face,
With the sea and the sun and the space,
Wish it was my home,
It's a fine palindrome.
Spelled backward it's still the same place.

Kissing cousins from out at Glen Iris
Said, 'If you admire us, hire us.
Kissing can't tire us.
Want kissing? Wire us,
Then fire us if you catch a virus.'

There's a festival up in Gogango
Where Queenslanders worship the mango.
So go if you can go,
You find all the gang go,
Grab a mango and then go and tango!

Wanda, a girl from Golconda,
Would let her mind wander and ponder.
Was her boyfriend true?
Or was he fonder of Sue?
Or Rhonda, who lived over yonder?

A Gold Coast surfer named Dwyer
Really liked playing with fire.
One night in the dark
He swam with a shark,
And his voice is now two octaves higher.

A poetic young lady from Goshen
Once received her first view of the ocean.
With consummate awe
She knelt on the shore
And wept salty tears of emotion.

A daring young driver from Gove,
A peculiar sort of a cove,
Once in his van drove
Right into the mangrove
Where no other man drove, by Jove.

A fellow from Great Keppel Isle
Put his dirty socks all in a pile
And said with a wink,
'These really do stink!
Think I'll go outside for a while.'

A young bloke from Gulargambone,
His hair with his gear liked to tone.
But his constant dyeing
His wife found so trying
She left him to dye all alone.

A bushman from Gwabegar way
Seldom had something to say
And, when he spoke,
He told the same joke . . .
Day after day after day.

A lonely old bachelor from Hay
Found a banned magazine, so they say.
Notwithstanding his age
He perused every page
And left for the city next day.

Said a very rich cockie from Henty,
'I'll spoil the family now I have plenty.'
And how did he spoil it?
With a new indoor toilet,
And a lifetime supply of Glen 20.

A miserly man from Hines Hill
Bluntly refused to sign 'is will.
He said, 'I won't spend it,
Or send it or lend it!
When I die it'll all be mine still!'

There once was a fellow from Hobart
Who went everywhere in a go-cart
And the ladies gave chase
'Cause this young fellow's face
Resembled the late Humphrey Bogart.

Hobart is just a bit older,
And they reckon their forebears were bolder.
They've got an old bridge,
And you don't need a fridge,
'Cos of all of our cities, it's colder!

An elephant living at Huskisson
Only comes out to feed when dusk is on.
He says, 'I prefer dusk,
For I've only one tusk,
And folk might see which side my tusk is on.'

A nice little girl from Iluka
Is highly renowned as a puker.
But one day she'll grow up
And no longer throw up.
It don't do no good to rebuke 'er.

You tell me you've never seen Ivanhoe.
Well, you could look everywhere, high and low,
And you'll never find
People so kind.
Honest, you really should try and go!

A patriotic young person from Jandakot
Declared that he liked his homeland a lot.
If 'Advance 'Stralia Fair'
Was played anywhere,
He'd stand and he'd sing with the band a lot.

A paranoid from Jerramungup
Was highly strung, strung-out and strung-up.
He said, 'Everyone, see,
Is looking at me!
I can never hang out I'm so hung-up!'

At Kalgoorlie there's quite a fine miner
And at digging there's no miner finer.
In two years and a day,
He's dug all the way
To just due south-west of North China.

There's a cranky old cow in Karuah,
And if you do anything to 'er,
She'll tiptoe around,
While you're sleeping sound,
And fill your front yard with manure!

A macadamia mademoiselle
For a Kingaroy peanut once fell.
No ifs and no buts,
She just went quite nuts,
Yes, she really came out of her shell.

If at Kingston a lobster was born
And at Karumba they spawned a big prawn,
And then mated the two,
Would the offspring they grew
Be 'probster' or would they be 'lawn'?

My Aunt Maude has left Kirribilli
For she said that she always felt silly
When she gave her address.
Now, you'll never guess,
She's moved up to Indooroopilly.

My ex-friend Kevin from Kongwak
Came to stay with me once, not so long back,
And took stuff from my house,
The miserable louse.
He still hasn't given one thong back!

There's an old lady from Kununoppin
With whom you should never go shoppin'.
She'll hit you, by golly,
With her shoppin' trolley.
She leaves everyone cursin' and hoppin'.

A kindly old couple from Kurri Kurri
Are very reluctant to hurry-scurry.
Wherever they go
They go really slow,
And let other drivers in Kurri worry.

I once met a lady from Larras Lee
And offered to take her to Paris free.
Well, she couldn't resist,
But she said, 'I insist
That you do nothing there to embarrass me.'

An uptight old maid from Launceston
Was prey to acute indigestion.
Said the doc, 'There's a cure,
A compress of manure,
Not compulsory, just a suggestion.'

An old lady from Leura once said,
'When I die, I shall die in my bed.'
Her resolve notwithstanding
She went out on the landing,
And proceeded to die there instead.

That little lass, Lily from Lilli Pilli,
Is scatty and runs around willy-nilly.
'She behaves,' Mother said,
'As if dropped on her head.
In fact she is rather a silly-billy.'

A cunning old crim from Long Bay
Studied grammar by night and by day.
Then changed all the functions
Of verbs and conjunctions,
And shortened his sentence that way.

When a lovely young lady from Louth caught
A small fish while fishing at Southport,
A man right beside her
Began to deride her
Small catch, till she said, 'Shut ya mouth, sport!'

They may not have Circular Quay,
But in Melbourne they're smug, for you see,
When it comes to football,
They're the envy of all,
And they do have the old MCG.

A bloke from Menindee, Joe Starling,
Had a wife who was crabby and snarling.
In a voice quite sincere
He said, 'I've an idea . . .
Just go jump in the River . . . Darling.'

I travelled Queensland in various styles,
And these metrics I've mastered with smiles,
But I travelled all day
The kilometres way,
And I still finished up here in Miles.

There's nothing much at Mirrabooka,
The locals play darts or play snooker.
But, once a year,
There's excitement, I hear,
When they get out the cards and play euchre.

On a skateboard outside Monkey Mia,
This bloke just went higher and higher.
He fell, sad to say,
In a distressing way,
Now he sings in the local girls' choir.

A simple young lass from Mount Isa
Married a miserable miser.
So she suffered starvation
And poor education
Till divorce made her fatter and wiser.

A miser from Mudgee named Hare
Had a glass eye that he used to wear.
But he'd no flamin' sight
With it in, left or right!
Made him wish he had bought the full pair.

Said a shearer from Mudgereebah,
'I never once cried out for tar!
For as long as I shore 'em
I never once tore 'em,
Well, leastways not here in the bar.'

Said a fellow who left Murray Bridge
To go mining up near Lightning Ridge,
'This heat is a bitch!
When I strike it rich,
The first thing I'll buy is a fridge!'

Among all the folk in New Norfolk
There certainly are a few poor folk.
There are rich folk as well
And, if we go to dwell
In New Norfolk, then there'll be two more folk.

On Norfolk Island it's easy to gaze
At mountains and islands and bays,
And each thing in sight
Is such a delight
I could live there the rest of my days.

Norfolk Island is quite a green isle,
Where folk live in a quite languid style.
Christians, Quintals and Adams,
The sirs and the madams,
'Twould surely make old Fletcher smile.

A tiresome man from North Shore,
When his girlfriend said, 'I adore
The rolling blue sea,'
Replied, 'I agree
It's pretty. But what is it *for*?'

A precocious young lady from Nyah
Once burnt her clothes in a fire.
When asked for a reason
She replied, 'It's the season;
In summer clothes make me perspire.'

I once took a trip to Lake Eyre
And found that the landscape was bare.
So I thought, 'Doesn't matter,
I'll try Oodnadatta
And see if there's anything there.'

They once had a robbery in Ottaway
And most of the criminals gottaway
Except for one bloke
Whose bicycle broke
When one of its pedals was shotaway.

A fellow from Paraburdoo,
Who had precious little to do,
Sat on the back stairs
And counted his hairs:
Eight hundred thousand and seventy-two.

There once was a person from Perth
Who was born on the day of his birth.
He was married, they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And died when he quitted this Earth.

An expert on finance from Perth
Said, 'My advice, for what it is worth,
Is keep for yourself
The bulk of your wealth,
And spend it while you're here on Earth.'

A gluttonous lady from Perth,
With problems relating to girth,
Found anorexia
Left her much sexier,
Improving her sense of self-worth.

Said a certain young lass of Port Huon,
'I've got no time for billin' and cooin'.
When a local boy said,
'Hi! Can't we get wed?'
She curtly replied, 'Nothin' doin'!'

A fellow who lives in Port Lincoln
Spends most of his leisure time drincoln.
Port Lincoln society
Abhors insobriety
And shuns him as he's always stincoln.

A philosopher midget taught thinkin',
But cops found him drunk in Port Lincoln.
He said, 'Unhand me, please!
I'm the new Socrates!
But they thought him a minor caught drinkin'.

A harp-playing lady called Quiddle
Was trapped by a cloudburst at Riddel.
As she floated away
Her poor husband, they say,
Accompanied her on the fiddle.

A young housewife from Rankin Springs
On her fingers wore too many rings.
When she lost them while cooking
She had to keep looking
Where hubby might pass the darn things.

At Rose Bay the nobbs all reside.
When a matron there recently died,
They placed her feet first
In a very grand hearse,
So she'd have a more comfortable ride.

An obnoxious old fellow from Sale
Sent out poison pen letters by mail.
With delusions of fame
He appended his name,
And ended, quite rightly, in gaol.

A sad Christmas tale from Sapphire,
About Santa in bright red attire:
Down the chimney halfway
We heard Santa say,
'For God's sake, please put out the fire!'

A marsupial male from Sofala
Is a terrible snorter and snarler.
With his big extra thumb
And his fat hairy bum
Obviously he's a he-type koala!

A neophyte farmer from Speed
Had a goat that was badly knock-kneed.
So he gave it a brew
Of gunpowder and glue
As the *Goat Breeder's Handbook* decreed.

'My trousers!' said poor Syd from Sydenham,
'I foolishly left half a quydenham.
So be a good wife,
Don't cause any strife,
Just tell me where you've bloody hydenham!'

There was a young fellow named Sydney
Who drank till he ruined his kidney.
It shrivelled and shrank
As he sat there and drank,
But he had a good time at it, didn't he?

Beautiful old Sydney town
Has a harbour and bridge of renown,
While that poor Melbourne lot,
All that they've got
Is a river that runs upside down.

A boring wine buff from Tanunda
Is the most boring fellow downunder.
In all the Barossa
There's no bigger tosser,
If he has any friends . . . it's a wonder.

A musical maestro from Tassie
Plays Bach's baroque pieces real jazzy,
Which always offends
His musical friends,
So he hasn't got many friends, has he?

A single mum from Toganmain
Called her seven sons 'Bruce', all the same.
When asked how they knew
Who she was talking to
She said, 'Simple, I use their last name.'

At Tom Price a visiting Pom
Asked a question which fell like a bomb.
He said, 'I may be new,
But tell me, please do,
Which one of these fellows is Tom?'

At the showground at Tullibigeal
I went up on the big ferris wheel.
But halfway around
I looked at the ground
And it cost me my five-dollar meal.

Some people must climb Uluru,
They say to admire the view.
I don't have that desire,
I'd rather admire
The view with Uluru, too.

There's a bikie from near Unanderra
Known as 'The Unanderra Terror'.
But I've met him twice
And he seems so nice!
That 'Terror' to me seems an error.

A Victorian said, 'Oh, my dears!
Our state has the Queen's name, three cheers!'
A Queenslander bright
Said, 'That sounds pretty right,
She's been dead over one hundred years!'

There once was a woman of Waikerie
Who, in Waikerie, built a big bakery.
She didn't bake bread,
Just sweet things instead.
Now her bakery's Waikerie's cakery.

If ever by chance you are goin'
Out west to the town of Wandoan,
Save yourself trouble, please,
Do not pack your skis,
Wandoan is not known for snowin'!

A young man from near Warrumbungle
Went off to explore in the jungle,
Where he lost both his knees
To a dreadful disease,
A disease which was viral, not fungal.

A cockie from Western Australia,
On his dunny had painted a dahlia.
The colours were true,
Red, white and blue,
But the fragrance was somewhat a failure.

A burglar who worked in Whyalla
Had a face of extraordinary pallor.
And a cop died of fright
When he caught him one night,
And got a posthumous medal for valour.

In a new zoo just near Wooroloo,
There's two emus and one kangaroo,
A few potaroo,
And a cockatoo too,
Gee, it pongs when they all do a poo!

An old woman from Woronora
Is the world's most powerful snorer.
She registers seven,
And peaks at eleven,
On the Richter scale—hard to ignore 'er.

Two drunks staggered home late in Wungong.
Said one, 'I can't talk! Where's me tongue gone?'
Then the more drunken one
Said, 'To hell with your tongue!
Look up in the sky! Where's the sun gone?'

Two blokes from out near Wyuna
Went fishing at sea to catch tuna.
When a fish pulled them in
They said with a grin,
'There's lots of things we'd have done sooner.'

An oddly shaped girl from Yaapeet
Was renowned for the size of her feet.
At a party or dance
People queued for a chance
Of using each foot as a seat.

A fellow who lived in Yan Yean
Was surely the thinnest man seen,
For his daily diet
(I suggest you don't try it)
Was restricted to just one canned bean.

A young couple from Yarrawonga
Were arguing 'bout who was stronger.
Said the girl to her beau,
'C'mon, 'ave a go!'
So he did, he let rip and he donged her.

There is a young man of York Plains
Who will never come in when it rains.
He seems to forget
That rain makes him wet
But he never was noted for brains.

There's a couple retired in Zanthus
Who did shows in the circus with panthers.
From the time they were young
They kept all the dung,
Now they use it to grow agapanthus.



***THE
DIRTY
SECTION***





SUGGESTIVE



It is well recognised that a primary purpose of the limerick is to discourse on matters improper. Roistering, boozing and sexual behaviour have long been favoured and favourite topics for limericks; indeed, they were there long before Edward Lear gave the form some respectability. For many of us this is indeed the primary purpose of the limerick:

Into space that is quite economical,
The limerick packs laughs anatomical.
But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean
While the clean ones so seldom are comical.

The ones in this section are quite mild by modern standards, belonging mostly to the 'nudge-nudge, wink-wink' school of humour. They rely mostly on innuendo (which, until recently, my friend Russell Hannah thought was Italian for 'suppository') and that 'terrible "double ontong"' for which the fellow from Hong Kong was quite rightly gaoled in the first limerick included here.

A lyricist once in Hong Kong
Was gaoled just for writing a song.
It wasn't the rhyme
For which he did time
But his terrible 'double ontong'!

A bather whose clothing was strewed,
By winds that left her quite nude,
Saw a man come along
And, unless we are wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd.

When you were nearly sixteen,
On your very first date, as a teen,
At the pictures, I bet,
You can't recall yet
The movie that was on the screen.

Said Grandma, 'It's not that we're old,
But the fires burn low, so I'm told.
Hope Grandad remembers
That poking the embers
Will keep away some of the cold.'

A publisher went off to France
Looking for tales of romance.
A Parisian lady
Had stories so shady
That the publisher made an advance.

To Paris some visitors go
To see what no person should know.
But there are some tourists,
The purest of purists,
Who say it is quite *comme il faut*.

They say there's a girl in Detroit,
At kissing she's very adroit.
She can pucker her lips
In a total eclipse,
Or open them out like a quoit.

Despite her impressive physique
Fatima was really quite meek.
If a mouse showed its head
She would jump into bed,
With a terrible bloodcurdling sheik.

There was a young lady from Rye
With a shape like a capital I.
When they said, 'It's too bad,'
She learned how to pad.
Which shows you that figures can lie.

A Lamborghini once gave up its heart
To a Porsche who sure looked the part.
It purred, 'Classy lassie,
I'm mad for your chassis!
I'd just love to give you a jump start.'

A pious young lass from Gibraltar
Averred as she knelt at the altar:
'If boys ask me to sin
I shall never give in,
Except to that nice one called Walter.'

A housewife called out with a frown
When surprised by some callers from town,
'In a minute or less
I'll slip on a dress.'
But she slipped on the stairs and came down.

Have you heard the rumour that Mona
Goes around in a sheer black kimona?
Don't think for a minute
There's anything in it,
Anything much except Mona.

God gave orders but Eve wasn't heedin',
On an apple she just started feedin';
Then she gave one to Adam,
Who said, 'Thank you, madam.'
They then both skedaddled from Eden.

There once was a fellow named Brett,
Loved a girl in his shiny Corvette;
I know it's absurd
But the last that we heard
They hadn't untangled them yet.

Said a man, of his small Mini Minor,
'For petting, it couldn't be finer.
But for love's consummation
A wagon called station
Would offer a playground diviner.'

While out on a date in his Fiat,
The man exclaimed, 'Where is my key at?'
As he started to seek,
His girl, with a shriek,
Said, 'That's not where it's likely to be at!'

A young secretary named Valerie
Started to count every calorie
Till her boss, in disgust,
Said, 'Lose half your bust
And you're going to lose half your salary!'

There was a young lady named Kate
Who necked in the dark with her date.
When asked how she fared,
She said she was scared,
But otherwise things were first-rate.

After one drink she said that she wouldn't.
After three drinks she said that she shouldn't.
After five drinks she said
He could take her to bed.
But they had a sixth drink and they couldn't!

There was a young fellow named Dice
Who remarked, 'They say bigamy's nice.
Even two are a bore,
I'd prefer three or four,
For the plural of spouse, it is spice.'

Said the doc in the dock, 'Here's my version,
I didn't use any coercion!
Why I simply did
Just as I was bid!
Nurse told me to make an insertion!'

Twin beauties once dwelt by the Bosphorus,
Curvaceous, with eyes bright as phosphorus!
The sultan adored 'em,
But couldn't afford 'em
Both, so they said, 'You must tossphorus!'

Sexual enjoyment is great!
When you're old it is said to abate.
It may well be so,
But I wouldn't know,
'Cos I'm only seventy-eight.

There was the most terrible fracas
When a hot-tempered whore from Caracas
Caught her beau, a band leader,
With a dark señorita,
And violently kicked his maracas.

My sister would not be disgraced,
She fled from all lovers in haste.
It went rather well
Till one day she fell.
She sometimes still dreams that she's chaste.

There once was a man from Bombay,
On a slow boat to China one day,
Got stuck at the tiller
With a lovesick gorilla
And China's a bloody long way!

When Mabel, accoutred in sable,
Disports herself up on the table,
Her ultimate fling
Reveals everything,
Including the furrier's label.

A poorly paid young stenographer
Got cash from a backyard photographer.
And her pretty pudenda
Was used to engender
More cash for an online pornographer.

A nudist resort in Benares
Took a midget in unawares.
But he made members weep
For he just couldn't keep
His nose out of others' affairs.

My aunt told me this and I thank her.
She once slept while her ship lay at anchor
And awoke in dismay
When she heard the mate say:
'Hi! Hoist up the top-sheet and spanker!'

An ancient old flasher called Mort
Before a stern judge was once brought.
Said the judge, 'Let us see
This *Exhibit B*.'
But it just wouldn't stand up in court.

Watching parliament, from the press gallery,
Is a pregnant young staffer, called Valerie,
And she knows which senator
Is the likely progenitor,
And she's expecting an increase in salary!

An old cowpoke once, with a hernia,
Said to his doctor, 'Goldernia,
When fixing my middle
Make sure you don't fiddle
With things that do not concernia.'

Said a calendar girl name of Gloria,
'So the men can enjoy real euphoria,
You pose as you are
In Jan, Feb and Mar,
Then in April they wanna see moria.'

Cried lovely young Molly McFee,
'I'm as chaste as a woman can be!'
But to judge from the guys
Swarming 'round her like flies,
That's spelled c-h-a-s-e-d.

An elderly roué named Clyde
Took an eighteen-year-old as a bride.
They took the old lecher
Out on a stretcher,
But Clyde had a smile when he died.

A famous theatrical actress
Often plays the role of malefactress.
To her hubby she's true,
Except for a few
Affairs and flirtations, for practice.

An amorous maiden antique
Locked a man in her house for a week.
He entered her door
With a shout and a roar,
But his exit was marked by a squeak.

There was a young lady of Kent
Who said that she knew what it meant
When men asked her to dine,
Gave her cocktails and wine—
She knew what it meant, but she went.

A fine trapeze artist named Bract
Is faced by a very sad fact.
Imagine his pain
When, again and again,
He catches his wife in the act!

A delighted, incredulous bride
Remarked to the groom at her side,
'I never could quite
Believe, till tonight,
Our anatomies *would* coincide.'

As a plump girl got out of a car,
She committed a dreadful *faux pas*
When she loosened a stay
On her *décolleté*,
Thus exposing her *je ne sais quoi*.

There once was a girl called Rosetta
Who fancied herself in a sweater.
Three reasons she had:
To keep warm was not bad,
But the other two reasons were better.

Concerning the bees and the flowers
In the fields and the gardens and bowers,
You will note at a glance
That their ways of romance
Haven't any resemblance to ours.

'My dear, you've been kissing young Fred,'
A much-worried mother once said.
'Since six, it's now ten.
Do it just once again,
And then think of going to bed.'

A rascal far gone in lechery
Lured maidens to doom with his treachery.
He invited them in
For the purpose of sin,
Though he said 'twas to look at his etchery.

There was a young lady of Lynn
Who thought all lovemaking a sin.
But when she got tight
It seemed quite all right,
So everyone plied her with gin.

There was a young girl from St Paul
Wore a newspaper dress to a ball;
But her dress caught on fire
And burned her entire,
Front page, sporting section, and all.

There was a young lady named Smith
Whose virtue was mostly a myth.
She said, 'Try as I can
I can't find a man
Who it's fun to be virtuous with.'

A girl who was no good at tennis,
But at swimming was really a menace,
Took pains to explain,
'It depends how you train,
I was once a streetwalker, in Venice.'

While toasting the bride at the wedding
A small tear the best man was shedding.
His gift was a mockery,
For he'd given her crockery,
When he wanted to give her some bedding!

A charming young madame called May
Was conceived on the Rue de la Paix.
She can name you her ma,
But, as for papa,
As they tell you in France, '*Je ne sais.*'

There's a journalist who's a disgrace,
Writes lies till she's blue in the face.
They flow from the pen of her!
If she had an enema
She'd vanish with never a trace.

There once was a girl of Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kiam,
'If you take me, of course,
You must do it by force,
But God knows you are stronger than I am.'

There was a young girl of Darjeeling
Who could dance with such exquisite feeling
Not a murmur was heard,
Not a sound, not a word,
Except fly-buttons hitting the ceiling.

With her favours Miss Maine was a miser,
She said that no man could surprise her.
But one did I fear,
He plied her with beer
And now she is sadder Budweiser.

There was a young woman from Thrace
Whose corset was too tight to lace.
Her mother said, 'Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in through your face.'

There was a young Scotsman named Andy
Who went to a pub for a shandy.
When he lifted his kilt
To wipe what he spilt,
The barmaid said, 'Blimey, that's handy!'

There was a queer lady named Harris
Whom nothing could ever embarrass,
Till the bath salts she shook
In a bath that she took
Turned out to be plaster of Paris.

When I asked an old crofter on Skye
What he did in the winter, and why,
I received an offensive,
Obscene, comprehensive,
Monosyllabic reply.

There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a masquerade ball
Arrayed like a tree,
But he failed to foresee
His abuse by the dogs in the hall.

*Une très jolie fille de Dijon
Dit à son ami, 'Pas si bon!
C'est que votre technique
N'est pas fantastique.
Car vous êtes Toulouse et Toulon!'*

There was a young lady of Nantes,
Très jolie et très elegante.
And, though it was neat,
Her thing was *petite*
And could just fit *la plume de ma tante!*

In the rest home a dirty old bloke
Took out his dick for a joke.
One gran gave a shout,
Another passed out,
And one, who was near, had a stroke.

An ex-submariner, Guido,
Had a tremendous libido.
When he was around women
He couldn't go swimmin'
'Cos he'd nowhere to store his torpedo.

A lad and his lady begat
Triplets, Nat, Tat and Pat.
They had fun in the breeding,
But trouble in feeding,
When they found there was no tit for Tat.

Rebecca, a silly young wench,
Went out on the Thames to catch tench.
When the boat was upset,
She exclaimed, I regret,
A five-letter word, and in French!

A fanatic gun-lover named Crust
Was perverse to the point of disgust.
His idea of a peach
Had a sixteen-inch breech,
And a pearl-handled .44 bust.



FOREPLAY



The limerick form is complex,
Its contents run chiefly to sex.
It burgeons with virgins
And masculine urgins,
And swarms with erotic effex.

There are several interesting innovations evident in this chapter, one being a limerick which has some additional lines. It was written by that lover of limericks, Norman Douglas. I hope you enjoy it when you come to it.

It became briefly popular at the end of the nineteenth century to add lines to the limerick and experiment with the form. Changing the classical form of the limerick is not something I approve of at all.

How to write a limerick, you say,
Well, the first two lines rhyme, anyway,
Then lines three and four,
Must rhyme (as before),
And if you don't have a rhyme
To end the the fifth line,
Keep going . . . you'll find
An idea comes to mind . . .
You'll think of something . . . okay?

Just not good enough, is it?

My editor reminds me here that I actually wrote a few limericks for this collection where the same rhyme is used throughout. It appears these are considered aberrations of some kind, a view I consider pedantic in the extreme!

A limerick's easy to write
Five lines with a humorous bite
And the first two must rhyme
With the last one each time
While the middle two, paired, make it right.

So, my all-lines-rhyming limericks are perfectly kosher!
Aren't they?

Five rhymes are so hard to achieve
In the limerick's delicate weave.
And yet you perceive
They're not 'true' I believe!
Such pedantry's hard to conceive.

To moralists, sex is a sin,
Yet nature suggests we begin.
She arranged it, no doubt,
That a fellow juts out
Just where a damsel juts in.

There was an old maid of Pitlochry
Whose morals were truly a mockery,
For under the bed
Was a lover instead
Of the usual porcelain crockery.

A modern young lady named Hall
Attended a birth-control ball.
She took all her accessories,
French letters and pessaries,
But nobody asked her at all.

A stripteaser up in Fall River
Caused a sensitive fellow to quiver.
The aesthetic vibration
Caused ecstatic elation,
Besides, it was good for his liver.

There was a young lady called Florence
Who for kissing professed great abhorrence.
But, when she'd been kissed
And found what she'd missed,
She cried till the tears came in torrents.

There once were two people of taste
Who were beautiful down to the waist.
So they limited love
To the regions above,
And thus remained perfectly chaste.

An effeminate fellow from Lincoln
One night did some serious drincoln,
Met a gal, now his wife,
Learned the true facts of life,
And blesses the day he got stincoln.

A Turk named Abdullah Ben Barum
Had sixty-five wives in his harem.
When his favourite horse died,
'Oh Allah,' he cried,
'Take a few wives instead, I can spare 'em.'

There was an old maid of Vancouver
Who captured a man by manoeuvre.
She jumped on his knee
With some rare *eau de vie*,
And nothing on Earth could remove her.

If intercourse gives you thrombosis,
While continence causes neurosis,
I prefer to expire
Fulfilling desire
Than live on in a state of psychosis.

O'er Emma's white bosom there leaned
The face of a low-minded fiend,
So she yanked up his head
And sarcastically said,
'Haven't you ever been weaned?'

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam
Complacently stroking his madam,
And he chuckled with mirth
For he knew that, on Earth,
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

A libidinous lady from Leicester
Never minded when first dates undreicester.
Who knows what posseicester?
But, if you impreicester,
She just loved to let you moleicester!

A chap from west of Cologne
Said, 'My wife has turned into stogne.
I'm out of my mind,
For I simply can't find
One slightly erogenous zogne.'

A lipping young lady named Beth
Was saved from a fate worse than death
Seven times in a row,
Which unsettled her so
That she quit saying 'No' and said 'Yeth'.

I like just a tad of asymmetry,
It adds to a breast a sublimity . . .
A little more heft
Right tit or left
I enjoy with bemused equanimity.

My wife often shows her right breast
To traffic cops, just as a test.
And when it's detected
It's usually inspected
And they *never* do make an arrest.

'Your new husband's quite a fine mister,'
Her mother remarked as she kissed her.
'He's sure to be fun
To live with, that one,
Since tea he's goosed me and your sister.'

There was a young girl of West Ealing
Who claimed to lack sexual feeling.
Then a cynic named Boris
Just *touched* her clitoris,
And she had to be scraped off the ceiling.

There is a Girl Guide who's not scared
To remain with her nether parts bared.
When asked why, she pouts,
And says the Boy Scouts
All beg her to please 'Be prepared'.

There was a young girl of Dumfries
Who said to her man, 'If you please,
It would give me great bliss
If, while playing with this,
You would pay some attention to these.'

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty that men craned their necks at her.
And one was so brave
As to take out, and wave,
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

In wartime a lady of fashion,
Much noted for wit and for passion,
Is known to have said,
As she jumped into bed,
'Here's one thing the bastards can't ration.'

There was a young fellow called Lancelot
Who neighbours all looked on askance a lot.
Whenever he'd pass
A nice piece of arse
The front of his pants would advance a lot.

When I asked a virgin named Mabel
She replied, 'I don't know if I'm able,
But I'm willing to try,
So where shall I lie?
On the bed or the floor or the table?'

One night a young knight from Parma
Got into bed with a charma.
She, naturally nude,
Said, 'Don't think me rude,
But shouldn't you take off your arma?'

There once was a young girl from Norway
Who hung by her feet from the doorway,
Which worked out quite well
'Cos when you rang her bell
It actually turned out to be foreplay!

or

There was a young lady of Norway
Who hung by her toes in a doorway
And said to her beau,
'Darling, don't go!
I think I've discovered one more way!'

Have you heard of bow-legged Sam Guzzun,
And Samantha, his poor knock-kneed cuzzun?
Tho' some people say
That love finds a way,
For Sam and his cuzzun, it duzzun.

There was a young maid of Peru
Who swore she never would screw,
Except under stress
Of forceful duress,
Like: 'I'm ready. How about you?'

'Would you please,' asked a girl from Azores,
As my hand lingered inside her drawers
(And one, just as quick,
Encircled my prick),
'Remove those two hands, they're both yours!'

A TV announcer named Herschel
Had habits a bit controversial.
When out on a date
He always would wait
Until ten, then insert his commercial.



HISTORY, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS



This brief section contains limericks about characters from history and literature, like Cleopatra and the emperor Tiberius, Darwin and Descartes, the Wizard of Oz and Monica Lewinsky.

Cinderella and Oedipus Rex,
Mozart and I-don't-know-who next,
Captain Hook and Genet,
Even Gandhi, you say!
And there's quite a few here about sex.

The only real unifying factor is that these limericks are all about characters whom we generally know, or have heard of, and they aren't Australian.

Mind you, many limericks written for other reasons contain perfectly sound scientific information from which we can learn a good deal. Take the very politically incorrect old limerick:

There once was a lady named Starky
Who had an affair with a darkie.
The results of her sins
Were quadruplets, not twins,
One black and one white and two khaki.

Very poor taste, I know, but it's always occurred to me that this limerick is an accurate demonstration of Mendelian genetics and the inheritance probabilities of homozygotic and heterozygotic characteristics, although I freely concede that this may not have been part of the writer's original intention. Of course a limerick like this is far too politically incorrect to be included in this collection.

Another use of the limerick for scholarly amusement has been the paraphrasing of great literature or scientific theories. A wonderful recent example of this is the paraphrasing

(often attributed to author and renowned Egyptologist Robert Conquest) of Jaques' 'seven ages of man' speech in *As You Like It*, act II, scene VII. In case you don't recall it verbatim, Shakespeare wrote:

... At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childhood and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Which was paraphrased and reduced to a mere five lines as:

Seven ages: first puking and mewling
Then very pissed off with one's schooling,
Then fucking, then fights,

Then judging chaps' rights,
Then sitting in slippers, then drooling.

See what the limerick can achieve in scholarly hands?

There are a few 'in-jokes' involved in this section, of course—so if you don't get the Descartes or the Oedipus joke, you can phone a friend. If you don't get the Gandhi one, ask any man who was at school during the 1950s or 1960s and had to undergo a medical.

I wish to announce right now that there is only one Monica Lewinsky limerick in this entire book, and even that is here against my better judgment. The poor girl has had more limericks written about her than any other person in history. Obviously she was hard of hearing and Bill Clinton was feeling bilious after a badly cooked meal. What he said was, 'Can you please hold my calls and sack my cook?' The rest is history.

So, there is only one Lewinsky limerick here, in the interests of social curiosity. The rest are on the Internet, in case you can be bothered.

If the Greeks had *Penthouse* magazine,
How different things might have been.
Oedipus Rex
Could have learned about sex
Alone, without bothering the queen.

Said Oedipus Rex, growing red,
'Psychiatrists! Wish they were dead!
They say I'm a dummy
Because I love Mummy.
Well, should I love Daddy instead?'

According to old Sigmund Freud
Life seldom is so well enjoyed
Than when spent in coition,
In any position,
With the genital organs employed.

There once was a sculptor named Phidias
Whose manners in art were invidious.
He carved Aphrodite
Without any nightie
Which startled the ultra-fastidious.

Pygmalion said, 'I'm afraid
I've fallen in love with my trade.
I'm much too elated
With what I've created
And, chiefly, this woman I've made.'

Hamlet's mate, randy Horatio,
Took his girl Delia out on the patio
And said, 'Listen here, Delia,
I'm getting Ophelia
If you will not practise fellatio.'

A Tolkien fanatic called Robert
Had a wet dream involving a hobbit.
Quite pleased with himself,
He was chasing an elf
When Gandalf appeared and said, 'Stobbit!'

While Titian was mixing rose madder,
His model reclined on a ladder.
Her position, to Titian,
Suggested coition,
So he leapt up the ladder and had 'er.

Cinderella slipped off to the dance
And dropped off her slipper by chance.
She got it back from the prince
And I believe he has since
Got successfully into her pants.

As Mozart composed a sonata
The maid bent to fasten her garter.
There was no delaying;
He started in playing
Un poco piu appassionata.

When Charles Darwin had an erection
He declined to use any protection,
Or to discriminate
In his choice of a mate,
In the interests of natural selection.

A mathematician named Hall
Has a hexahedronical ball,
And the cube of its weight
Times his penis, times eight,
Is his phone number, give him a call.

If we read a sports medicine treatise,
There are many odd facts that may greet us.
Did you know, by the way,
That some young girls today
Are developing athlete's foetus?

A young herbalist doctor from Burma
Heard his fiancée starting to murmur.
So now that they're married he's
Using cantharides
And the root of his love is much firmer.

A nurse with her boyfriend erect
Used a stethoscope to great effect.
She said, 'I hear humming
Whenever you're coming,
Because of the doppler effect!'

While looking around for a queen,
Napoleon, Emperor Supreme,
Said, 'I'd rather squeeza
Maria Louisa
That fondle that cow, Josephine.'

A young violinist in Rio
Was seducing a lady named Cleo.
As she took down her panties,
She said, 'No *andantes*,
I want it *allegro con brio*!'

A saxophone player named June
Arrived at rehearsal too soon.
A bloke from the band
Put his flute in her hand
And it changed to a contrabassoon!

An old architect once displayed
A home built for the Marquis of Sade,
But he left town next day
And the reason, they say,
Was the queer way he had the house maid.

A poet I know goes on cruises,
And long moonlight walks with the Muses.
But these nymphs of the air
Now let down their hair,
And the practice has led to abuses.

Fletcher Christian loved women exotic,
They affected him like a narcotic.
As they lay in his arms
He succumbed to their charms
And Tahitian gymnastics erotic.

Two moments in Captain Hook's past
Are memories which leave him aghast.
A visit quite vile
From that big crocodile,
And that time he was wiping his arse!

When the celibate Mahatma Gandhi
Awoke with a stiffy, a dandy,
He cried, 'Fetch a cold spoon,
And fetch it real soon!
Any kind of a spoon you have handy!'

There was a young monarch called Ed
Who took Mrs Simpson to bed.
As they bounced up and down,
He said, 'Bugger the crown,
Give the thing to my brother instead!'

The Marquis de Sade and Genet
Are highly regarded today,
But torture and treachery
Aren't my style of lechery,
I've given my copies away.

Thomas Beecham, his voice like a ratchet,
Cut a poor cellist down like a hatchet.
'You have 'twixt your thighs,
My dear, a great prize,
And yet you just sit there and scratch it!'

Said a Munchkin, 'It made my hair curl,
The most hideous sound in the world.
Grinding, tearing and shearing,
And there, in a clearing,
Was the Tin Man, with a tin girl!'

In Oz once a very brave lizard
Took a bite from the arse of the Wizard.
When he died as expected
A post mortem detected
High cholesterol count in his gizzard.

Cleopatra, the Queen of the Nile
Seduced Romans using her guile.
Of course she was cunning,
But her tits were quite stunning
And so was her vertical smile.

When Cleopatra met Julius Caesar
She guessed he was dying to squeeze her.
In his hurry to charm her,
He threw off his armour
To show her a thing that might please her!

There once was a gal named Lewinsky
Who played on a flute like Stravinsky.
'Twas 'Hail to the Chief'
On a flute made of beef,
Then wipe all the stuff off your chinsky.



THOSE BARMY BRITS



When you read the limericks in this section you will be gripped by an overwhelming desire to put on a plummy accent.

Indeed, their 'Britishness' makes these limericks a lot funnier than they deserve to be. I suspect that Aussies still have a secret affection for things that are very British, especially when it comes to our sense of humour. The nostalgic, 'old-world' feel of many of these limericks is nicely juxtaposed against the inappropriateness of the subject matter. Where else would you find phrases like 'is my eyesight becoming defective' and 'whose views were exceedingly narrow' except in the dear old limerick? Long may it reign.

A society climber from Crewe
Inquired, 'What on Earth shall I do?
I of course know what's what
But I fear I have not
The faintest idea of who's who.'

A father was driving a car
Quite slowly, when son said, 'Papa,
If you drive at this rate,
We're bound to be late,
Drive faster!' . . . He did . . . and they are.

There was a young lady of Crewe
Who wanted to catch the 2.2.
Said a porter, 'Don't worry,
Or hurry, or scurry,
It's a minute or 2.2.2.2.'

There was once a commander named Harrison
Who stationed his troops in a garrison;
And there they would languish
And mutter with anguish,
'Attila was kind, by comparison.'

There was an old lady of Harrow
Whose views were exceedingly narrow.
At the end of her paths
She built two bird baths
For the different sexes of sparrow.

There once was a duchess I knew
Who always bit oysters in two.
For she had a misgiving,
Should any be living,
They'd raise such a hullabaloo.

To an artist a husband named Bicket
Said, 'Turn your backside, and I'll kick it.
You have painted my wife
In the nude to the life.
Do you think for a moment that's cricket?'

There once was a spinster from Ealing
Endowed with such delicate feeling
That she thought any chair
Should not have its legs bare,
So she kept her eyes fixed on the ceiling.

'I must leave here,' said Lady de Vere,
'For these damp airs don't suit me, I fear.'
Said her friend, 'Goodness me!
If they do not agree
With your system, why eat pears, my dear?'

There was a young lady of Kent
Who always said just what she meant;
People said, 'She's a dear,
So unique, so sincere.'
But they shunned her by common consent.

I sat next to the duchess at tea,
It was just as I feared it would be.
Her rumblings abdominal
Were simply phenomenal,
And everyone thought it was me!

There once was an old man of Lyme
Who married three wives at a time;
When asked, 'Why a third?'
He replied, 'One's absurd!
And bigamy, sir, is a crime.'

There was a young lady of Wilts
Who walked to the Highlands on stilts.
When the locals said, 'Shocking,
To show so much stocking!'
She answered, 'What about kilts?'

An eccentric fellow named Cole
Had notions uncommonly droll.
While onlookers booed
He'd pose in the nude
On top of a telegraph pole.

There was a young lady from Tottenham
Who'd no manners, or else she'd forgotten 'em.
At tea at the vicar's
She took off her knickers,
Because, she explained, she felt hot in 'em.

That gentle old dame, Lady Muir,
Had a mind so delightfully pure
That she fainted away
At a friend's house one day
When she saw some canary manure.

Every time Lady Lowbodice swoons
Her bubbies pop out like balloons;
But her butler stands by
With hauteur in his eye
And lifts them back in with warm spoons.

I hear that dear Lady Worcester
Complained that too many men goosed her.
Now she's traded her scanties
For sandpaper panties,
They goose her much less than they used ter.

There was a young man of high station
Who was found, by an outraged relation,
Making love in a ditch
To . . . I won't say a bitch . . .
But a lady of no reputation.

There was a young lady from Joppa
Who came a society cropper.
She went to Ostend
With a gentleman friend . . .
And the rest of the story's improper.

A complacent old don of divinity
Made boast of his daughter's virginity.
They must have been dawdlin'
Down at old Magdalen,
It couldn't have happened at Trinity.

Said the duke to the duchess elective,
'Is my eyesight becoming defective?
Is the east tit the least bit
The best of the west tit?
Or is it my lack of perspective?'

When I asked the colonel at tea
Just what an 'eggplant' might be,
He replied, 'Well, young man,
I suppose that you can
Look up a hen's arse and you'll see.'

When Daddy and Mummy were plastered,
And their shame was not properly mastered,
They told their son Harry,
'We never did marry,
But don't tell the neighbours, you bastard!'

There was an old lady from Kent
Who farted wherever she went.
At the Home-builders Fair,
When she dropped a few there,
They plugged up her arse with cement.

Connoisseurs of coition aver
That most British girls never stir.
This state of inertia
Is unheard of in Persia!
It depends what response you prefer.

Of a wounded war hero I sing
Coming home from the war in the spring.
Oh, he may have been lame
But he came just the same,
A discharge is a wonderful thing!

My artistic aunt, Antoinette,
Inspected me through her lorgnette.
'Your prick's unsurpassed!
I must take a cast!
It'll make a superb statuette.'

My English girlfriend's appealing,
Though mostly she stares at the ceiling . . .
But once she did say,
As she read *Woman's Day*,
'Could you do it once more, please, with feeling?'

At parties you should see our mum,
She's the reason why all the folk come.
When she's in the mood
She strips to the nude
And beats a bass drum with her bum.

The major's a dirty old beast,
Keeps rubbing his penis with yeast.
He says, 'It's a pain
But it might rise again,
So I'll give it a good chance at least!'

A very fit bloke from East Anglia,
Whose sinews were masses of ganglia,
Got older and slower
While there, down below,
His balls grew progressively danglier.

A surly and pessimist Druid,
A defeatist, if only he knew it,
Said, 'The world's on the skids
And I think having kids
Is a waste of good seminal fluid.'

A rich English widow from Brighton
Said to her new butler, Crichton,
'You give better service
Than my old butler, Purvis,
As you leave the room do put the light on.'

The Dowager Duchess of Howell
Examined a turd from her bowel
And proclaimed, rather miffed,
That she never had sniffed
An item so fetid and foul.

Lord Snotnose was brought up to think
That his upper-class turds didn't stink.
But he changed his beliefs
When he shat in his briefs
And washed them himself in the sink.

As the colonel was sipping his brandy
He got an erection, a dandy!
So he said to his aide,
'Get a young native maid,
Or a goat, or whatever is handy!'



THE CLERGY



Many clergymen have written limericks, the Reverend Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) and Monsignor Ronald Knox among them. There are also limericks relating to scholarly religious matters and philosophy, but they aren't the ones we're concerned with in this chapter. For some reason there are lots of limericks about clergy—vicars, bishops, nuns, and so on. I suppose we enjoy poking fun at those who set themselves up as arbiters of moral standards.

I may be doing my chances in the afterlife a great deal of damage here. Indeed, Frank Daniel, a good Catholic who cares about my welfare, has prepared a submission on my behalf to present at the Pearly Gates. It is, needless to say, in limerick form:

I'll say to St Pete at the gate,
'Can you save a seat for my mate?
Don't let others in
Even if free of sin,
'Cos Haynesy'll be running late.'

God's plan made a hopeful beginning
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story
Will end in God's glory,
But at present the other side's winning.

It's common that verses limerickal
So frequently seem anti-clerical,
Each saintly old minister
Is made to seem sinister
And filled with a lust quite hysterical.

An Anglican curate in want
Of a second-hand portable font,
Would exchange for the same
A portrait (in frame)
Of the bishop-elect of Vermont.

The indolent vicar of Bray
His roses allowed to decay.
His wife, more alert,
Bought a powerful squirt
And said to her spouse, 'Let us spray.'

A resolute preacher from Kent
Averred that he said what he meant
When he cried, 'I maintain
That I'll henceforth abstain
From drinking from horse troughs for Lent.'

A certain young curate from Pender
Once embarked on a glorious bender.
With his brain in a fog
He then slept like a log
In the fireplace and in the fender.

There once was a pious young priest
Who lived almost wholly on yeast;
'For,' he said, 'it is plain
We must all rise again,
And I want to get started at least.'

To the nun said the priest drinking gin,
'Drinking gin is a terrible sin!
My condition is chronic
And I do need the tonic,
And something to put tonic in!'

When his sinning had led to depression
Poor Mick went at last to confession.
'Good Lord!' said the priest,
'Ten Hail Marys at least!
And ten more for your indiscretion!'

An Anglican parson called Fletcher
Was suspected of being a lecher.
Could such things be true?
Did Old Fletch really do
Such terrible things? Yeah, you betcha!

There was a young lady called Lynn
Quite lost in original sin.
When her priest said, 'Be good.'
She said, 'Would if I could . . .
But I'd pretty soon do wrong ag'in.'

A gentle old lady I knew
Awoke with a start in her pew
When the preacher yelled, 'Sin!'
She cried, 'Count me in!
As soon as the service is through!'

A shapely young novice of Chichester
Made all the saints in their niches stir.
One morning, at matins,
Her bosom, 'neath satins,
Made the Bishop of Chichester's britches stir.

Astute Melanesians on Munda
Heard a padre discussing the wunda
Of virginal birth.
They debated its worth,
Then tore the poor padre asunda.

The priests at the temple of Isis
Offer up amber and spices,
Then they nip round the shrine
And perform sixty-nine
And other unspeakable vices.

An old archaeologist, Throstle,
Discovered a marvellous fossil.
He knew from its bend
And the knob on the end
'Twas the peter of Paul the Apostle.

The bishop of Ibu Plantation
Wrote a thesis on transfiguration
For the *Christian Review*
(As all good bishops do)
While practising miscegenation.

Two tom-tits at our rectory tweet,
With wonderful warbles complete.
After listening one day,
We heard the vicar's wife say,
'I've the best pair of tits in the street!'

There once was a preacher named Nixon
Who'd fart as he gave benediction.
This caused consternation;
Said the whole congregation,
'The arse on our parson needs fixin'.'

The robes of the vicar of Cheltenham
Gave him pleasure whenever he knelt in 'em.
So he wore them a lot
Though they got rather hot
And the vicar of Cheltenham smelt in 'em.

There once was a vicar from Kew
Who preached with his vestments askew.
A woman named Morgan
Caught sight of his organ,
And promptly passed out in her pew.

A Methodist matron named Alice
Once peed in a Catholic chalice.
But the padre agreed
'Twas done out of need,
And not out of Protestant malice.

A bishop once took to the street
And decided to be indiscreet.
But after one round
To his horror he found,
You repeat, and repeat, and repeat.

They was a gay vicar quite lewd
Who every so often got screwed.
He might have atoned
Had he only got stoned,
But to go and get screwed, that's too rude!

There was an old maid from Bulleen
Who crept into the vestry unseen,
Took down her knickers,
And also the vicar's,
And said, 'How about it, old bean?'

Church organists, Harry and Heather,
Could not get to church in bad weather.
When it snowed Harry said,
'Let's just stay in bed
And play with our organs together.'

A Salvation Army lass, Claire,
Was having her first love affair.
She climbed into bed
And reverently said,
'I wish to be opened with prayer.'

There once was an innocent Quaker
Who had an affair with a baker.
Her first bout of lovin'
Left a bun in her oven
Which alas made the baker forsake 'er!

There was a young fellow named Baker
Who seduced a vivacious young Quaker.
And while he was on it,
She straightened her bonnet,
And knelt to give thanks to her maker.

There was a young girl of Odessa,
A rather unblushing transgressor.
When sent to the priest
The lewd little beast
Began to undress her confessor.

There was a young novice called Nell
Who tripped in the chapel and fell.
As the habit she wore
Quite audibly tore
Nell audibly swore, 'Bloody Hell!'

Our vicar had terrible luck,
Our Sunday School class ran amok!
In the midst of his talk
He dropped all the chalk,
And everyone heard him say, 'Bother!'

There once was an abbot of Brittany
Who chanted this desolate litany:
'If Christ is the Source
Of Divine Intercourse,
Then how come I don't ever gitany?'

A randy old parson from Leicester
Seduced the young organist, Heicester.
He kissed and careicester,
Undreicester, posseicester,
And, when he was finished, he bleicester.

There once was a priest from Siberia
Whose motives were very ulterior.
He'd done to a nun
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a Mother Superior.

or

A renegade priest from Liberia,
Whose morals were clearly inferior,
Once did to a nun
What he shouldn't have done,
And now she's a Mother Superior.

A stipend's enough to get by on,
And the vicar's wife's quite nice to lie on,
But she thinks it rude
To have sex in the nude,
He has to keep both his coat and his tie on.

There once was a priest on a spree
Who went into an alley to pee.
'*Dominus Nobiscum*
Oh why don't the piss come?
I pray it's not C-L-A-P!'

Oh Father, I have a confession.
I have this awful obsession
That men of the cloth'll
Soon open a brothel . . .
And I want the condom concession.

There once were three lasses from Birmingham
And this is the story concerning 'em.
They lifted the frock
And tickled the cock
Of the bishop involved in confirming them.

There once was a virgin from Devon
Deflowered by a party of seven
High Anglican priests,
The libidinous beasts!
Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

There was a young lady from Crewe
Who said, as the bishop withdrew,
'The vicar was quicker
And slicker and thicker
And two inches longer than you!'

There once was a nun in the choir
Who gave in to the bishop's desire.
She said, 'It's a sin,
But now that it's in . . .
Could you shove it a little bit higher?'

Whenever a nun's feeling wild
She keeps herself quite undefiled.
By thinking of Jesus,
Contagious diseases,
And the bother of having a child.

There once was a priest from Gibraltar
Who buggered a nun on the altar.
'Now look what you've done!'
Exclaimed the old nun.
'You've gummed up the leaves of the psalter!'

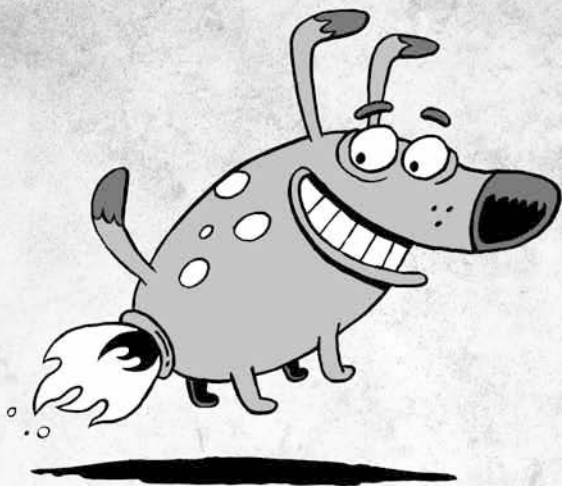
An alcoholic old monk
Lost all self-control as a drunk.
He took off his habit
In front of the abbot
And covered his sandals in spunk.

There once was a bishop of Birmingham
Who fiddled with girls while confirming 'em.
To roars and applause,
He pulled down their drawers
And pumped some episcopal sperm in 'em.

There once was a chaplain at Kings
Whose mind dwelt on heavenly things;
But his secret desire
Was a boy in the choir,
With a bottom like jelly on springs.

From the depths of the crypt at St Giles
Came a scream that resounded for miles.
Said a priest, 'Goodness gracious!
Has Father Ignatius
Forgotten the bishop has piles?'

A clerical student named Simms
Hums liturgical tunes while he rims.
A nice piece of ass
Gets the B Minor Mass,
But the others, plain Anglican hymns.



BUMS AND BLOW-OFFS



We have now reached the toilet humour, fart and poo section. Indeed, you may be reading this book *in* a toilet. I'm sure many people will. When I first went to live west of the Great Divide there were still a lot of outdoor dunnies in use and they were universally known by bushies as 'the library'.

Any book that is made up of small, supposedly amusing bits is quite a good choice for the toilet. Books are sometimes placed there for other purposes too, of course. If you have found this book in a toilet, do me the courtesy of assuming that it is there to be read. Leave the pages intact, please.

When you feel a fart deep within,
To let it stay in is a sin!
Move your belly about
Till it finds its way out,
And make sure that you're wearing a grin.

My grandmother went to the closet
And paid her penny deposit
But, when she got there,
She could only puff air,
Which wasn't a penny's worth, was it?

It was either by fate or design
I sat next to the duchess to dine.
Though her farts were all silent,
The aroma was violent
And everyone thought they were mine.

As Tarzan swung through the air
The natives all saw his bum bare,
So they went to complain
And convinced his wife, Jane,
To give him her undies to wear.

When Merlin, the wonderful wizard,
Has a terrible pain in his gizzard,
He takes Epsom salts
With snow, which results
In a fart and a fog and a blizzard.

A flatulent actor named Martin
Led a life most exceedingly spartan.
Till a playwright one day
Wrote a well-received play
With a part in for Martin to fart in.

There was a young girl of La Plata
Who was known as a champion farter.
Her deafening reports
At the Argentine sports
Made her much in demand as a starter.

A clever young Master of Arts
Was best known as a caster of darts,
But, later in life,
He was known, by his wife,
As a very good blaster of farts.

There was an old bloke from Jakarta
Renowned as the world's finest farter.
He could fart 'Annie Laurie',
'Temptation' and 'Sorry',
And part of the 'Moonlight Sonata'.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who ate gallons of beans every day.
He farted so loud
He attracted a crowd,
But the smell made them all run away.

There was an old lady of Ypres
Who got shot in the arse by some snipers,
And when she blew air
Through the holes that were there,
She played tunes like the Cameron Pipers.

There once was a young Royal Marine
Who tried to fart 'God Save the Queen'.
When he reached the soprano,
Out came the guano,
And his britches took ages to clean.

A baritone once trained in Roma
Till his arsehole could sing 'La Paloma'.
But the sweetness of pitch
Couldn't offset the hitch
Of the Roma Paloma aroma!

There was a young lady from Purdbright
Who never could quite get her turd right.
She only did shits
In little round bits
Just like a mouse or a bird might.

A doughty old person in Leeds
Rashly swallowed a packet of seeds.
In a month his poor arse
Was covered in grass,
And he couldn't sit down for the weeds.

A hapless young laddie from Poole
Had a nut on the end of his tool.
When he went to unscrew it
His dad said, 'Don't do it,
Your arsehole will fall off, you fool!'

The fame of a fellow called Martin
Was the frequency of his farting,
Till his doctor said, 'Mate,
You'll ruin your date
If your bum cheeks keep closing and parting!'

There was an old man from Calcutta
Who was found lying dead in a gutter.
The heat from the sun
Burned a hole in his bum
And melted his bollocks to butter.

A turd dropped by Sister Ecclesia
Reached from Capetown right up to Rhodesia.
The cause of the dump
Was a sizable lump
Of Laxette laced with milk of magnesia.

A pastry chef used body parts
To crimp round the edge of his tarts.
He said, 'Fingers and dick
Help the pastry to stick,
And the sugar I dust on with farts.'

Said the duchess beside me at tea,
'I adore erudite repartee,'
So I asked, with some wit,
'Do you belch when you shit?'
She said, 'No, but I fart when I pee!'

A nuclear physicist, Bill,
Swallowed a nuclear pill.
When he started to cough.
It blew his arse off
And his bollocks are travelling still!

A young bikie sheila called Morton
Had one rather long tit and a short 'un.
Not only that,
Her bum was so fat,
She'd a fart like an 850 Norton.

An obese young fellow named Matt
Had arse-cheeks incredibly fat.
They had to be parted
Whenever he farted,
And propped wide apart when he shat.

There was an old fellow from Delhi,
Who had a big pain in his belly.
He farted a bit
Then suddenly shit.
The result was disgustingly smelly.

An American tourist in France
In a toilet was taking a chance.
He was fussy and neat
And was cleaning the seat
When he suddenly shat in his pants.

After eating and drinking a bit
I went to the dunny to shit.
After underwear staining
And stretching and straining,
I thought that my arsehole had split.

There once was a bricklayer, Howell,
Who had a remarkable bowel.
He once built a wall
With no mortar at all,
Just using—guess what—on his trowel.

There was a young lady from Pinner
Who dreamt that her lover was in her.
This excited her heart
And she let out a fart
And out came yesterday's dinner.



ACCIDENTS



It seems that sex is a very dangerous business, and the limerick has been used over the years to document the results of the catastrophes that can occur in the course of love-making.

It is satisfying to see the limerick serving this purpose and acting as a precautionary device to prevent further accidents and mishaps.

It goes without saying that some of the situations described in these limericks should *not* be tried at home, or outdoors either . . . ouch!

A buxom young bunny named Gretchen
Sold cigars at a key-club concession.
But she knocked people out
When she swivelled about,
For her costume did not keep her flesh in.

I knew a young lady named Claire
Who possessed a magnificent pair.
Or that's what I thought
Till I saw one get caught
On her brooch and begin losing air.

A saggy old matron named Dot
Knew, when her nipples got hot,
That her tits were adroop
In her coffee or soup,
So she'd tie them both up in a knot.

A watchmaker named Pat McGee,
So drunk that he couldn't quite see,
Wound a grandfather clock
With the tip of his cock
And rogered his wife with the key.

There was a man from Capri
Who tried to piss over a tree.
The tree was too high
And it fell in his eye
And now the poor bugger can't see.

I know a sad story that's fraught
With disaster—of balls that got caught
When a bloke took a crap
In the woods and a trap
Underneath . . . no, I can't bear the thought!

There was a young fellow named Menzies
Whose kissing sent girls into frenzies,
But a virgin one night
Crossed her legs in a fright,
And fractured his bifocal lenses.

There once was a couple named Kelly
Who walked around belly to belly
Because, in their haste,
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a young man from Kildare
Who was doing his wife on the stair.
When the banister broke
He just quickened his stroke,
And he finished her off in mid-air.

It has long been a custom of Frank's
To stroll along old river banks.
One time, in the grass,
He stepped on an arse
And heard a young girl murmur, 'Thanks!'

In pursuit of extreme satisfaction
The couple involved in the action
Enjoined in coition
In the oddest position.
His femur is now up in traction.

To Sadie the touch of a male meant
An emotional cardiac ailment.
An acuteness of breath
Caused her untimely death,
In the course of erotic impalement.

There once was a fellow from Boston
Who drove round in a very nice Austin.
He had room for his tool
And a tank full of fuel,
But his bollocks hung out and he lost 'em.

Desperate Dan from Duluth,
Whose dick was shot off in his youth,
Improvised with his nose
And his fingers and toes,
And he came through a hole in his tooth.

There was an old man of Cape Horn
Who wished he had never been born.
And he wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of the rubber was torn.

In life there is always a catch.
An old maid rubbed her clit with a match
And got so excited
The damn thing ignited
And burnt all the hair off her snatch.

Nymphomaniacal Jill
Tried a dynamite stick for a thrill.
They found her vagina
Way over in China
And bits of her tits in Brazil.

or

A do-it-yourselfer named Alice
Used a dynamite stick as a phallus.
They found her vagina
In South Carolina
And part of her anus in Dallas.

I once thought I loved you, monsieur,
But after tonight I'm not sure.
You went off half-cock
All over my frock
And left a big stain on the floor.

On a shaky bridge across a ravine
Was Archibald screwing Kathleen.
His last forceful lunge
Caused the whole thing to plunge.
Worst fucking disaster I've seen!

As Julia was screwing young Joel,
And taking his seven-inch pole,
She cried out, 'I'm sore,
Are you perfectly sure
That you're shoving it in the right hole?'

A cooking instructor called Reg
Had a young student behind a hedge
When along came his wife
With a big carving knife
And cut off his meat and two veg.

A hooligan once in Calcutta
Tried to write a rude word on a shutter.
He had got to CU
When a pious Hindu
Knocked him A over T in the gutter.

A pyrotechnician named Lockett
Was blown off his feet by a rocket.
The force of the blast
Blew his balls up his arse
And his penis was found in his pocket.

A newlywed lady from Young
Asked the doctor to fix her torn lung.
When asked how it ripped
She replied as she stripped,
'The man that I married is hung!'



ANIMAL LOVERS



Bruno the Argentine gaucho has long been one of my favourite characters from literature, along with Sir Toby Belch and Falstaff. I suppose one vice is much the same as another where the limerick is concerned.

The limerick often immerses
Itself in rudeness and curses
And just once or twice
It's been used to verse vice
And more often indulge in vice verses.

Well, here the limerick is immersing itself in the singular vice of bestiality. It's quite a varied menagerie too. Dogs hardly rate a mention at all; exotic creatures are much more fun. We begin with a limerick about a dog which defies categorisation. It isn't bestiality although it is certainly in exceptionally poor taste. It is also the only limerick I can recall about anyone from Malta.

There was a young lady of Malta
Who strangled her aunt with a halter.
She said, 'I won't bury her;
She'll do for my terrier.
She should keep for a month if I salt her.'

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Declared, 'There is one thing I do know,
Women are fine,
And sheep are divine,
But the llama is numero uno.'

A dusky young lady from Ghee
Built a house for herself in a tree,
But the neighbours deplored
When in time she got bored
And eloped with a large chimpanzee.

Male squirrels, with tails in the air,
Keep collecting and never despair,
For they all know, one day
A female will say,
'Nice set of nuts you have there!'

A female museum curator
Had a thing for a male alligator.
And though they weren't wed
She took him to bed,
But rather than mate her, he ate her.

or

A nympho zookeeper said, 'Later
I'll make love to that new alligator.'
But no one ever knew
That the two had a screw,
'Cos after he screwed her he ate her.

There once was a student at Johns
Who wanted to bugger the swans.
But the loyal hall porter
Said, 'Sir, take my daughter,
Them birds are reserved for the dons.'

There was a young man of St Paul
Whose prick was exceedingly small.
He could bugger a bug
At the edge of a rug,
And the bug hardly felt it at all.

The dog-loving Countess of Crupps
Was heard to confess in her cups,
'An affair with a collie
Was the height of my folly,
But I got a good price for the pups.'

There was a young drover named Gorse
Who fell madly in love with his horse.
Said his wife, 'You rascalion,
That horse is a stallion!
This constitutes grounds for divorce.'

An Aussie girl diving off Tonga
Encountered a congenial conger.
Said her girlfriend, 'Unreal,
How did the eel feel?'
She said, 'Like a man, only longer.'

The sea captain's tender young bride
Fell into the bay at low tide.
You could tell by her squeal
That a stray passing eel
Had discovered a warm place to hide.

Thus spake an old Chinese mandarin:
'There's a subject I'd like to use candour in.
The geese of Peking
Are so steeped in sin
They'd as soon let a man as a gander in!'

There once was a mermaid called Myrtle
Who had an affair with a tyrrtle.
And what was phenomenal,
A swelling abdominal
Proved the tyrrtle and Myrtle were fyrtle!

There was a young person of Jaipur
Who fell madly in love with a viper.
With screams of delight
He'd retire each night
With the viper concealed in his diaper.

There was a young lady named Grace
Who had eyes in a very odd place.
She could sit on the hole
Of a mouse or a mole
And stare the beast square in the face.

A bestiality fan in Uganda
Keeps, in the country, a panda,
And at home in Kampala
He keeps a koala,
And a large homosexual gander.

There once was a young man named Cyril
Who was had in a wood by a squirrel,
And he liked it so good
That he stayed in the wood
Just as long as the squirrel stayed virile.

Said a young single girl from Balmain,
As she playfully teased her Great Dane,
'I guess that I oughter
Keep a bucket of water
Close by if I cannot abstain!'

A nubile Tibetan named Betty
In an igloo had sex with a yeti
But the heat caused a thaw
And they fell through the floor
When the yeti and Betty got sweaty.

There was an old man of Dundee
Who molested an ape in a tree.
The result was most horrid,
All arse and no forehead,
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was an old man from Harrow
Who tried to have sex with a sparrow.
The sparrow said, 'No,
You can't have a go,
The hole in my arse is too narrow.'

A randy young man from the Cape
Was trying to rape a young ape.
The ape said, 'You fool,
You'll damage your tool
And you're putting my arse out of shape.'

A pussycat out on a spree
Was raped by an ape in a tree.
When she asked him to pay
The ape said, 'No way!
I always get pussy for free.'

A disgusting young man named McGill
Made his neighbours exceedingly ill
When they learned of his habits
Involving white rabbits
And a bird with a flexible bill.

There was a young fellow called Price
Who dabbled in all sorts of vice.
He had virgins and boys,
And mechanical toys,
And on Mondays he meddled with mice.

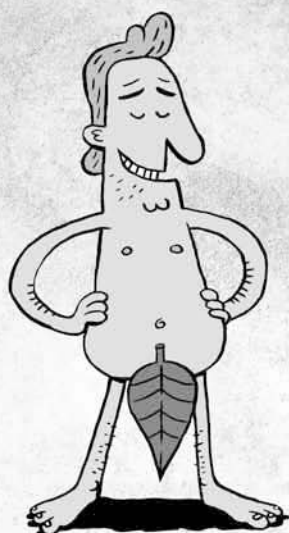
A habit quite gross and unsavoury
Has long held the bishop in slavery.
With libidinous howls
He buggers young owls
That he keeps in an underground aviary.

There once was a girl from Seattle
Whose hobby was sucking off cattle.
A bull from the south
Left a wad in her mouth
That made both her ovaries rattle.

There was an old fellow called Spiegäl
Who decided to bugger a beagle.
Just as he came
He called the dog's name
And the dog said, 'You know it's illegal!'

There once was a young man named Gus
Who for animals had a great lust.
He buggered an owl,
Two dogs, and a fowl,
And a little green lizard that bust.

A zookeeper's wife who was hot,
Used to put lots of ants up her twat.
'Cos the sexual sensations
Caused by the gyrations
Of the anteater's tongue beat the lot.



GENITALIA



Here are all the limericks concerning the ‘wobbly bits’.

The genitals were hilariously referred to by Mel Brooks’ humorous character the two thousand-year-old man as ‘the gentles’—‘because when you’re fooling with those things you better be GENTLE!’

I have reversed the normal order of chivalry here and put the ladies after the gentlemen. It just seemed right for some reason for the fellows to be ridiculed first.

When you think about the Creator’s design of the human genitals, not to mention their placement, you might be forgiven for thinking that maybe humour was all part of the grand design.

There was a young sailor named Bates
Who danced the fandango on skates,
But a fall on his cutlass
Rendered him nutless,
And practically useless on dates.

There was a young man of Devizes
Whose testes were two different sizes.
The right was so small
It was no ball at all,
But the left had won several prizes.

That young Scottish poet McAmiter
Boasts an excessive diameter.
Tho’ it isn’t his size
That opens girls’ eyes
But his rhythmic iambic pentameter.

A circus performer called Nick
Was blessed with a prehensile prick.
He could swing through the trees

With consummate ease.
'Twas really a marvellous trick.

From the harem a lonely girl calls
To a eunuch outside on the walls.
'Come in here,' she cries
And the eunuch replies,
'I would, but I don't have the balls!'

There once was a man from Hong Kong
Whose doodle was seven feet long.
It was bronzed when he died
For the church of St Clyde,
Where it's now the bell clapper, ding dong!

Little Jane and her brother had fiddled
And little Jane cried to Mum, 'I've been diddled!'
For she found he'd a cock
While she, 'neath her frock,
Had only a hole where she piddled.

There was a young fellow named Bliss
Whose sex life was strangely amiss.
For even with Venus
His recalcitrant penis
Would seldom do better than t
h
i
s.

There once was a young man of Kent
Whose tool was so long that it bent.
To save himself trouble
He put it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young man from Hong Kong
Endowed with a metre of prong.
It looked, when erect,
As you would expect.
When coiled, it did not look so long.

Said a well-endowed man, 'It's a bore,
My tool weighs ten kilos or more.
I support the darn thing
In a surgical sling
To prevent it from scuffing the floor.'

A poor deformed fellow called Dove
Could never find someone to love,
He was born with five dicks
And scared off the chicks,
Though his underpants fit like a glove.

A policeman from Tottenham Junction,
Whose organ had long ceased to function,
Deceived his good wife,
For the rest of her life,
With the dextrous use of his truncheon.

With his penis in turgid erection,
And aimed at woman's mid-section,
Man looks most uncouth
In that moment of truth,
But it's only a sign of affection.

When I was a baby, my penis
Was as white as the buttocks of Venus.
But now 'tis as red
As her nipples instead!
It's the fault of the feminine genus!

A mechanical marvel was Bill,
He'd a tool that was shaped like a quill.
With this fabulous dink
He could squirt purple ink,
And decorate lampshades at will.

There once was a fellow from Goshem
Who took out his balls just to wash 'em.
His mother said, 'Jack,
If you don't put 'em back,
I'll tread on the buggers and squash 'em!'

Said Bluey, 'I'm great in the sack
For mine is twelve inches when slack.'
Said Curly, 'You lie,
And I'll tell you why,
If it was that long, you'd be black.'

There once was a judge of Belsize
Whose bollocks were not the same size.
He'd look at the right
With a gasp of delight,
But the left one brought tears to his eyes.

Once I fell asleep in the sun
And my zipper somehow came undone.
I awoke with a scream
From an erotic dream,
And my sundial said quarter to one!

When he tried to inject his huge whanger
A pilot aroused his girl's anger.
As they strove in the dark
She was heard to remark:
'What you need for that thing is a hangar.'

There was a poor fellow named Dutton
Whose balls were the size of a button.
He had a big dong,
Some ten inches long,
But what could he do with it? Nuttin'!

There was once a guy from New Delhi
Who could fit fifteen girls on his belly.
When asked how they fit,
He said, 'Tit to tit,
And gee, don't my nuts turn to jelly!'

There was a young man from Rabaul
Who had a hexagonal ball.
The square of his date
Plus his penis, times eight,
Was two-fifths of five-eighths of fuck-all.

A girl who could not get enough
Had a pussy as large as a muff.
It had room for both hands
And your intimate glands,
But was soft as a little duck's fluff.

Said a woman with open delight,
'My pubic hair's perfectly white.
I admit there's a glare,
But the fellows don't care,
They locate it more quickly at night.'

A young Scottish lass named McDuff
Had a lovely luxuriant muff.
In his haste to get in her
One eager beginner
Lost two of his balls in the rough.

A young girl with features cherubic
Was famed for her area pubic.
When they asked for its size
She said, with surprise,
'Are you speaking of square feet, or cubic?'

There was a Hawaiian wahine
Whose dad was a terrible meanie.
He put a hatch on her snatch
With a catch that would latch.
She could only be had by Houdini.

A proud peasant girl from Bulgaria
Took a piss in a quite public area,
And everyone took
A really good look,
'Cos they'd never seen anything hairier!

There was a young lady of Natchez
Who chanced to be born with two snatches.
She often said, 'Shit!
I'd give either tit
For a man with equipment that matches.'

When first we made love, you and me,
You were horny as horny can be.
You produced so much honey
From your little cunny
That we had some left over for tea.

There once was a girl who'd exploit
Her muscular skills, so adroit.
She'd contract her vagina
To a pinpoint, or finer,
And then do the same with her quoit.

There once was a Queen of Bulgaria
Whose bush just grew hairy and hairier,
Till a prince from Peru
Came up for a screw,
And to find it he needed a terrier.

There once was a lass from Bulgaria
Whose torso grew constantly hairier.
With the aid of sharp shears,
And ignoring her tears,
Her farmer beau cleared the whole area.



INTERCOURSE



This is what the limerick is really all about—fulfilling our prurient need to discuss sex in a way that pretends it's all just good fun!

The limerick's callous and crude,
Its morals distressingly lewd.
It's not worth the reading
By persons of breeding;
It's designed for the vulgar and rude.

Even when a limerick isn't originally intended to be crude it is soon adapted or corrupted so that it is. While putting this collection together I have come to realise that many of the dirty ones are actually parodies of the cleaner ones. I know this was actively encouraged and practised by Swinburne and others in the case of Lear's limericks, but apparently it has been continuing ever since. This one that I remember from childhood:

There once was a lady from Clyde,
Of eating green apples she died.
Inside she lamented,
The apple fermented,
And made cider inside her inside.

turns up in later life as:

There once was a lady from Clyde,
To six sailors she was a bride.
Guess she liked pokes
With nautical blokes,
And seamen inside her inside.

While this well-known effort, written by American author Gelett Burgess:

I'd rather have fingers than toes;
I'd rather have ears than a nose;
And as for my hair,
I'm glad it's still there.
I'll be awfully sad when it goes.

I have found elsewhere as:

I'd rather have fingers than toes,
I'd rather have ears than a nose,
And a happy erection,
Brought just to perfection,
Makes me terribly sad when it goes!

And those are just the tip of the iceberg.

There was an old codger named Ben
Who had a strong sexual yen.
His problem was not
How, why or what.
But who, where and naturally . . . when.

The mortician's daughter so bad!
Said to a young virgin lad,
'I'll show you the way,
What do you say?
I've buried more stiff's than my dad!'

A Girl Guide was having her fill
Of a Boy Scout behind a windmill.
When he cried, 'Be prepared!'
'I am,' she declared.
'All of our troop's on the pill!'

There was a young lassie named Ettrick
Whose body was largely symmetric.
As well as curvaceous
She was also flirtatious
And now she has problems obstetric.

Though his plan, when he gave her a buzz,
Was to do what a man often does,
She declared, 'I'm a soul
With no sexual goal.'
So he shrugged and called someone who wuzz.

There was a young girl from Aberystwyth
Took grain to the mill to get grist with.
The miller's son, Jack,
Laid her flat on her back
And united the organs they pissed with.

or

There was a young girl from Aberystwyth
Whose parents mine used to play whist with,
And, when we were able,
We'd get under the table,
And play with the things that we pissed with.

I met a lewd nude in Bermuda,
Although she was shrewd, I was shrewder.
She thought it quite rude
To be wooed in the nude.
I pursued her, subdued her, and screwed her.

There was a young man from Natal
And Sue was the name of his gal.
He went one day
A rather long way,
In fact, right up Suez Canal.

A cautious young fellow named Tunnymore
Had a whang that was worth paying money for.
When eased in halfway,
The girl's sighs made him say,
'Yes, that's what I needed you, honey, for.'

A compliant young girl from Mauritius
Gave in to her boyfriend's three wishes.
She cooked him a dinner
And then let him in her
And afterwards, she did the dishes.

The local lads all love to screw
An hermaphrodite living in Kew
'Cos he/she looks sweet
Up on the seat
Of a bisexual built for two.

They liked fish, my old dad and mum,
And when they went fishing for some
Mum would cry, 'Dad, control
That marvellous pole,
Your sinkers are banging my bum!'

The heroine of this short ditty
Was had by a lad from the city.
She cried, 'It's a sin!'
When he put his thing in.
When he pulled his thing out, 'What a pity!'

A lad and an old maid from Amble
Went out in the woods for a ramble,
'Twas there the old maid
Was finally laid.
But then, of course, life is a gamble!

A horny young lady named Gloria
Was had by Sir Gerald Du Maurier,
And then by six men,
And Sir Gerald again,
Then the band from the Waldorf Astoria.

There once was a young girl from Gloucester
Whose parents once thought that they'd loucester,
But they found, in the grass,
Marks made by her arse
And the knees of a fellow who'd toucester.

There was a young lady from Slough
Who said that she didn't know hough.
But then she was shown,
Her erogenous zone . . .
She can't get enough of it nough!

King Henry the Eighth was a Tudor,
Of our monarchs we've witnessed fu ludor.
Each wife that he wed
He led to his bed,
Where he'd vudor, wudor and scrudor.

A comely young widow named Ransom
Was ravished three times in a hansom.
When she cried out for more
A voice from the floor
Said, 'Lady, I'm Simpson, not Samson.'

There was a young lady from Spain
Who did it, now and again.
Not 'now and again'
But 'now' and 'again'
And again and again and again'.

A very bored lass, Sally Brown,
Remarked as she laid herself down.
'I hate to be doing
Promiscuous screwing,
But what else *can* you do in this town?'

An innocent bride from the mission
Remarked, on her first night's coition,
'So that intimate section
Is used for connection . . .
And in such an awkward position!'

There was a young lass from Belgravia
Whose beauty was sure to enslave ya.
A further attraction
Was her double-knee action
And her wholly immoral behaviour.

There once was a girl from Madrid
Who claimed she had never been rid,
But a bloke from Oporta,
Who thought that she oughta,
Said he could and he would . . . and he did.

The was a young lady whose joys
Were achieved with remarkable poise.
She reached her orgasm
With scarcely a spasm
And could fart without making a noise!

A young airline stewardess, May,
Was rated a pretty good lay.
She was screwed without quittin'
From New York to Great Britain.
She's a girl that has come a long way.

A new stewardess flying United
Saw the cockpit and got quite excited.
And after a while it
Appears that the pilot
Was smiley and highly delighted!

My mother once took in a lodger,
A happy, well-hung sort of codger.
'You have to admire it,'
Said Mum, 'he's a pirate.
Well, he gives me a good jolly roger!'

There was a young plumber of Leigh
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.
Said the girl, 'Cease your plumbing,
I think someone's coming.'
Said the plumber, still plumbing, 'It's me.'

or, en Français

There was a young plumber of Blois
Who was plumbing a girl *dans le bois*.
Said the girl, 'Cease your plumbing,
I think someone's coming.'
Said the plumber, still plumbing, '*C'est moi!*'

Cried the bride as she started to puff,
'Seventeen times is enough!
I understand, Cyril,
You're horny and virile,
But my pussy's all tender and rough!'

You may not believe this, and yet,
Old women are best, you can bet.
They don't yell, tell or swell

And they're horny as hell,
'Cos it may be the last one they get!

There was a young fellow named Skinner
Who took a young lady to dinner;
At half past nine
They sat down to dine,
And by quarter to ten it was in her.
(What, dinner?
No, Skinner!)

I said, while in bed with Annette,
A ravishing, sexy brunette,
'Oh come first, please do!'
But she said, 'After you!'
The dilemma of sex etiquette!

There was a young lass from Dundee
Who offered her favours for free.
Lads honoured her offer
And were on her and off her,
And now she's the mother of three.

Girls of seductive proportions
Should take contraceptive precautions.
Poor young Ermyintrude
Just let one sperm intrude.
Who's the best man for abortions?

There was a young lady from Dover
Whose passion was such that it drove her
To call as she came,
'Oh dear, what a shame,
Now we will have to start over!'

An epileptic young girl from Rhodesia
Is usually happy to please ya.
If she's feeling okay
She's a pretty good lay
But she's great when she's having a seizure!



**FAIR
DINKUM
DIRTY
ONES**



Here are the 'R' rated limericks about Aussie characters, places, attitudes and behaviours. I think they capture that essential Aussie irreverent flavour as well as, if not better than, the ones in the 'G' rated section.

Like those in the 'G' rated section, many of these limericks are written in the Aussie vernacular, but being a bit rude makes them even more typically Australian! I'm pleased to say that many are also quite politically incorrect.

A male kangaroo tried to mate
While bounding at quite a great rate.
Said the doe, 'It's no joke,
I can't stand a bloke
Who gets on the hops on a date!'

We once had two dunnies outside
But Mother fell down one and died.
My uncle, her brother,
Then fell down the other,
And now they're interred side by side.

A family of farmers called Myers
Always tighten their nuts up with pliers.
Their neighbours, the Wilsons,
Always use Stillsons,
That's what their equipment requires.

A young Aussie sheila in Spain
Pulled down her pants on a train.
A young Spanish porter
Saw more than he oughter
And asked her to do it again.

That girl down in hardware, Matilda,
Once said to a lusty young builder,

'I can find you a screw
For each job that you do.'
And she did, and it bloody near killed 'er!

There was a young girl from Australia
Who painted her bum like a dahlia.
A penny a smell
Went down very well,
But tuppence a lick was a failure.

A young Aussie girl from Earl's Court
Did things that no decent girl ought.
She made men ecstatic
With talents fellatic.
She really was quite a good sport.

Auntie Val is very smart cookie,
She likes to mix gambling with nookie.
Before a big race
She goes home to her place
And curls up with a very good bookie.

A gay fellow from Manly was hairy,
So hairy that he was quite scary.
But a permanent wave
And an all-over shave
Turned him into a nice Manly fairy.

Said a gardening girlie named Gail
To the boy who delivered the mail,
'Come plant a poinsettia
And I'll never forget ya.'
Now Gail gets her mail without fail.

There's serenity in isolation
If you live on a far outback station.
But few vegies and fruits,
Legumes . . . and roots,
Can cause an acute constipation.

A New South Wales premier of mark
Once felt up a girl in the dark
And exclaimed, 'Oh, by thunder!
A natural wonder!
I'll declare it a national park!'

The bush has been wrecked by the rabbit
Because of the doe's wanton habit
Of fast populating
By just copulating
When any male rabbit can grab it.

There once was a man from Australia
With impressively large genitalia.
He said to his bride,
'There's nowhere to hide!
Anywhere in the room, I can nail ya!'

A rugby league coach of great fame
Is quite perverted, some claim.
His teams play with fire
Because, if they tire,
He pulls them off during the game.

There was a young man from Australia
Who painted his arse like a dahlia.
The colour was fine,
Likewise the design,
The aroma . . . ah . . . that was a failure.

John Hopoate didn't deserve us
To make fun of his medical service,
He just loved checking dates
For piles and prostates,
Though it made other players quite nervous.

There's a girl here in Sydney I know
Who once used to date Russell Crowe.
Now she's just a spectator,
And he's Gladiator.
Ah well, it was all long ago.

At Rouse Hill merinos were bred
And here's what the history book said:
'A bloke called Macarthur
Of this breed was the father.'
His mates preferred women instead.

Malcolm Fraser was fit as a trout
And did exercise daily, no doubt,
And when in the States
He practised with weights
Till his breath came in pants (or without).

Bob Hawke loved the limelight (and how!),
Every word that he uttered was 'Wow!'
Now he makes the excuse
That he's shy, a recluse,
He must blanch at the thought of it now.

An ambassador once with Paul Keating
And their wives at a banquet was eating.
Said Paul, 'What a dumb hag
Your wife is, eh, scumbag?'
His diplomacy sure took some beating.

PMs like Paul Keating are sparse,
A man who sure showed us his class.
When asked 'What the jiggyery
Do you need with a piggery?'
He replied, 'Think I'll answer? Pig's arse!'

In the '60s my uncle, a toff,
At us lefties would sneer and would scoff.
When he asked how I'd vote,
I said, and I'll quote,
'I'm telling you, Uncle, fer Gough.'

John Curtin said, with some wit,
'We need friends, and the Poms are ratshit!
I think I'd much rather
Have Dougie MacArthur,
So thanks to the Yanks, 'cos they're it!'

'I remain a true country member
Tho' PM,' Fadden said one September.
And some Aussies cheered him,
While some Aussies jeered him.
And a few said, 'Of course we remember!'

Granny Smith had an arthritic sore knee,
Which got worse when her husband was hore knee.
So, to put him to sleep,
She always would keep
Some port in the cupboard, Old Tore Knee.

As the lift left the twentieth floor,
Abigail caught her chest in the door.
She yelled a good deal,
But if they'd been real
I think she'd have yelled a lot more!

Those cricketing Waughs are in clover,
Living the life of the rover.
They're masculine, proud,
And both well-endowed,
Just two balls short of an over.



**AUSSIE
PLACES
(‘M’ AND ‘R’
RATED)**



As I stated before, I originally intended to write a collection of limericks about Aussie placenames. The clean ones are in the previous section—here are the ones rated ‘M’ and ‘R’ and a few ‘X’s, too.

Many of these are adaptations of older limericks, and again I tried not to include too many where the placename pronunciations are twisted just to get a good rhyme or joke, but I didn’t always succeed.

A farmer’s wife from Aberdeen
Made love to her washing machine.
She said, ‘You get high
When it starts to spin dry,
And tho’ washed out you always come clean!’

There’s a song that a mate of mine sings
’Bout a splintery old dunny and things.
As a girl goes to sit,
He sings, with some wit,
‘I’ll bet you a quid Alice Springs.’

You can offer young Alice nice things,
Bangles and bracelets and rings.
But you needn’t waste money,
Just say, ‘Look here, honey!’
Then flash it, you’ll find Alice Springs.

It’s easy to make Alice Spring
’Cos Alice loves having a fling.
‘I sure do,’ says Alice,
‘Just show me a phallus,
I’ll do it with any old thing!’

A young girl from Arian Park
Went out with eight boys after dark.
Her mum said, 'That's fine,
But be home before nine.'
Wasn't her mum a big nark?

At Armidale College the dean
Built a very nice wanking machine.
Concave and convex,
It could fit either sex,
But it was a bugger to clean.

Once a girl met a bloke in Avoca
And, because she was broke, let him stroke 'er.
That seemed to provoke 'er
'Cos next day he woke 'er
To stroke her some more and to poke 'er!

There was a young man from Babinda
Who swallowed some matches and tinder.
With a fart and a cough
An explosion went off,
And his backside was burned to a cinder.

A well-hung young bloke from Bajool
When asked 'bout the length of his tool
Said, matter-of-factly,
'Twelve inches exactly
But I don't use it much, as a rule.'

A young woman from Ballarat
Offered to do 'this and that'.
When speaking of 'this'
She meant more than a kiss,
So imagine her meaning of 'that'!

A randy young man from Balmoral
Went out with a sheila named Coral.
What they did on that night
Was really not right,
Some would say downright immoral.

There was an old fellow from Bardon
Whose organ had long ceased to harden.
A Viagra injection
Gave him an erection
So hard he could dig in the garden.

A Battery Hill bird, softly spoken,
Claimed that her cherry was broken
From riding alone
Over rough cobblestone,
But it really was broken from pokin'.

A pox doctor's nurse from Bellata
Can't keep a boyfriend, they scatter.
She says, 'It's no joke,
I can't get a poke,
Though I know all the fellows that matter.'

In the gold rush a lady named Flo
Struck gold down at old Bendigo.
When she sold cups of tea,
With her favours quite free,
She soon had a fortune to show.

There was a strict father from Bentley
Who watched over his daughter intently,
But she dodged the old codger
And rogered the lodger
And 'twas not the first time, incidentally.

An abstemious lady from Berri
Until recently still had her cherry.
But 'twas lost by a chance
Unforeseen circumstance
One night when she got a bit merry.

A young bloke from near Biloela
Was asked out by a real tactile sheila,
But he had not a clue
What she wanted to do,
And in fact failed to fondle or feel her!

There was a young postman, a trainee,
Who made love to a spinster in Blainey.
When the postmaster said,
'Why'd you take her to bed?'
He replied, 'Well it *was* cold and rainy!'

A masochist from Boorooloola
Was loaded with plenty of moolah.
He said, 'I'll spoil a wife
Who'll despise me for life,
And whip me, and things even crueller!'

Two fellas from Bourke once came back
From Kings Cross, and went to the quack.
'Well, you haven't scored ten,'
Said the doc to these men,
'But the next card that comes in the pack.'

A Bourke bloke caught his tool in some gears
So they grafted on skin from his ears.
Now he hears through his dick,
Which makes him feel sick,
The sound of sex drives him to tears!

There once was a fellow from Bowen
Whose penis kept growin' and growin'.
It grew so tremendous,
Heavy and pendulous
'Twas no good for rooting, just showing.

Bill from Bowral was worried, know why?
His cock froze like a rock last July.
His fiancée said, 'Billy,
Your willy's so chilly
That I'm breaking it off, so goodbye.'

A Boyup Brook boy woke one morn
With a nut on the end of his horn.
As he went to unscrew it
He thought, 'Should I do it?'
But he did, now his balls are both gorn!

There once was a lady from Branditt,
Whenever she farted she canned it,
And then she would sell it
As 'People Repellent'
Till Victoria's government banned it.

A lovely young lady from Breeza
Was widely renowned as a teaser.
If you made an advance
She'd take off her pants
But she'd only allow you to squeeze 'er.

There once was a fellow from Brighton
Who said to a girl, 'You're a tight 'un!'
She said, 'Bless my soul,
You're in the wrong hole!
And there's plenty of room in the right 'un!'

A fellow from Brighton-Le-Sands
On his member made heavy demands.
He abused his poor member
From New Year to December.
Hair grew on the palms of his hands.

A young girl from near Broken Hill
Found herself violently ill
One day just at dawn,
And again the next morn.
It seems she'd forgotten her pill.

A gay guy while living in Broome
Took a lesbian up to his room,
And they argued a lot
About who would do what
And how and with which and to whom.

A sheila from old Bulahdelah.
Met a bloke who at once tried to feel 'er.
He thought them alone
When he pulled out his bone
Till she said, 'Meet my friendly rottweiler.'

There once was a man from Bulleen
Who invented a wanking machine.
It did a good job
On a pussy or knob
And wanked itself off in between.

A fellow from Carrick named Carter
Is Tasmania's champion farter.
On the strength of one bean
He farts 'God Save the Queen'
And Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata'.

A young typist from Castlemaine
Cannot type, so she cannot complain.
And she can't take dictation.
The correct explanation?
Got the job for her boobs, not her brain.

A gullible gal from Ceduna
Went for a cruise on a schooner.
The crafty old skipper
Managed to slip her
A length or two under her doona.

A shy little girlie from Clare
Prefers indoors to in the fresh air.
She says, 'I'm at ease,
My bum doesn't freeze,
And passers-by don't stop and stare!'

A wicked young girl from Collector
Was sternly rebuked by the rector.
But she just kept sinning
And grinning and grinning,
The rector could never deflect 'er.

An immoral lassie from Collie,
Although she knew it was folly,
Went down to Nannup
And had a young man up,
All the way up too, by golly!

A happy young hooker from Collie
Made all local fellows feel jolly.
All could afford 'er
And they all adored 'er,
'Cos the price that she charged was one lolly.

An optometrist from Concord West
Said, 'I found out by personal test
That men who make passes
At girls who wear glasses
Get just as good sex as the rest!'

I once drove with a bimbo from Coolah
And gee it was easy to fool 'er.
I said, 'Play with this here stick,
It's only the gearstick,'
And she did, all the way to Dimboola.

A lecherous bloke from Coonamble
Liked to take local girls for a ramble
And, if they agreed,
He did 'em with speed
And without any hint of preamble.

A poor virgin from Coromandel
Is no longer pure, it's a scandal.
For she was deflowered
When she bent, as she showered,
By an overly large hot tap handle.

An unfortunate fellow from Crawley
Has a secret that troubles him sorely.
When he lowers his pants
You can see at a glance
That nature has treated him poorly.

A buxom young lass from Cringila
Was tied by her tits to a pillar
Down in the cellar
By her latest feller
Who knew BDSM would thrill 'er.

There was a rich fellow from Croydon
Whose maid was a cute little hoyden.
She'd sit on his knees
While shelling the peas
Or pleasanter duties employed on!

A young plumber from Crystal Creek
Was called in by a girl with a leak.
She looked so becoming
He fixed *all* her plumbing,
And didn't emerge for a week.

Said a young Darwin lady, quite rude,
The first time she saw a man nude,
'I'm glad I'm the sex
That's concave not convex!
I don't fancy things that protrude.'

A contortionist girl from Dysart,
Tied knots in her body, each part.
Her boyfriend said, 'Dear!
When you say, "Hold me near,"
I'm not sure just where I should start!'

At Echuca the paddleboat queen
Sings songs that are ever so clean,
But at night, with the crew,
She sings quite a few
That some would consider obscene.

A real estate agent from Esk
Often chased office girls round his desk
Till one girl said, 'Please,
Don't act like a sleaze,
Your behaviour's quite sad and grotesque.'

When I danced with the lady from Esperance
She got so excited she messed her pants.
She said, 'Aren't you delighted
I got so excited?'
I said, 'Listen, lady, it's just a dance!'

There's a fat girl from Fadden, called Flo,
Who has to be done really slow.
If you do her too fast
Some wind will be passed
And she'll blow off before you can blow.

I'd a fine feathered finch from Finch Hatton.
I gave him a perch that he sat on.
I had him for ages,
He outgrew several cages
Into which I'd put paper he shat on.

Some very fine folk live in Finke,
But one Finke feller's morals sure stink.
Dick Mink is his name
And he achieved fame
As that stinky fink Dick Mink from Finke.

There's a girl from Fitzroy whose frigidity
Will approach cataleptic rigidity
Till you give her a drink,
Then she'll quietly sink
To a state of complaisant liquidity.

A certain young lady from Forde
Is a sort of society fraud.
In the parlour I'm told
She's distant and cold,
But on the verandah . . . my Gawd!

There was a young lass from Fremantle
Who found herself somewhat pregnanle.
She had no more dates
For, in scaring off mates,
If anything will, an infantle.

An innocent girl from Geelong
Never did anything wrong
Till she sat on the knee
Of a bloke from Torquay.
She didn't resist very long.

A clever young man from Geelong
Possessed an extendable dong.
Said his girl, with a grin,
'It *is* hard to get in,
But once in it can go all night long.'

A randy old bloke from Geranium
Has a plate in his skull that's titanium.
Seems he had a poke
With the wife of some bloke,
And the bloke broke the old joker's cranium.

An old maid from near Gidgegannup
Had never once in her life had a man up
And she planned to stay
Like that, tho' some say
The milkman once buggered her plan up!

There was a young girl from Girgarre
Whose doctor said, 'You'd better marry.'
She said, 'Who do I choose?
Doc, give me the news,
The DNA, is it Tom, Dick or Harry?'

There's a witty girl from Girraween,
At reciting she's ever so keen.
When she does 'Piddling Pete'
All the dogs in the street
Raise their legs in salute to a queen.

There's a restaurant I've heard of in Girvan
Where all the young waitresses serving
Are utterly nude.
Women go there for food,
But most blokes just go there for pervin'.

There once was a gal from Glen Innes
Who loved drinking brandy and Guinness.
And she later got plenty,
Joined the navy at twenty
And looked after the admiral's pinnacle.

Len and Aggie who live in Glenmaggie
Have big bums and hair that's all scraggy.
His belly will sag
And her boobs will drag,
But they're happy, although they're real daggy.

A mum caught her daughter in Gnarpurt
And said, 'Just get out of that car, Gert!
Thank Bert for the ride
And then get inside,
And you stay in the car where you are, Bert!'

A girl from Queensland's granite belt
Said, 'By blokes I've never been felt.
No problem, 'cos candles
Never cause any scandals,
And only go soft when they melt.'

Said an old girl from Greta, 'Look, honey,
I know I look wrinkled and funny,
But I'm still keen,' she said,
'So take me to bed,
And I'll give you a run for your money!'

A farmer from Gulargambone
Had a prostitute over the phone.
Tho' he thought she'd be cheap,
And better than sheep,
Paying Telstra required a loan.

A girl from Gynea got a shock
When her paramour showed her his cock.
She said, 'Either you're queer
Or you drank too much beer
'Cos the big hand is at six o'clock!'

Said a harlot from Hackett, 'Look, honey,
I don't think your rude jokes are funny!
And I will not,' she said,
'Have such filth in my bed!
So please leave, and take back your money!'

There's a harlot from Hay with amnesia
Who'll do anything just to please ya.
And there's no need to pay
When you've had it away,
She forgets the next time that she sees ya.

A poor chicken farmer from Hay
Found that his hens wouldn't lay
As well as they used ter
Because every rooster
That he bought in Sydney was gay.

The people at Humpty Doo
Like rumpity pumpity too.
And they do it, they say,
All night and all day,
Except for a grumpity few.

There was a young lady from Ipswich
With a pair of provocative lips which
She used for some pouting
Once on an outing
Making some young fellers' hips twitch.

On a trip to Kalangadoo,
I asked a maid, 'Have you been true?'
She said, 'I fell twice,
On a cruise, it was nice,
With the captain, and then with the crew.'

A sexy young lass from Katanning
Said, 'To hell with that family planning!
My only plan
Is to find any man
And I don't care about over-manning!'

A cunning young chemist from Kelso
Had some surplus KY to sell, so
His ad said, 'Buy three
For a free date with me!'
You should have seen that KY gel go!

A psalm-singing lass from Kerang
Loved to stand on her head while she sang.
A confirmed anchorite
Was inflamed by the sight,
And relinquished his vows with a bang.

There once was a fellow from Kew,
Who often imbibed quite a few
And, when he was pissed,
He'd close his right fist
And punch everybody in view.

Said an elegant lady from Kew,
'Young man, please hurry up, do.
I'm covered with sweat,
You haven't come yet,
And it's almost a quarter past two!'

There was a young girl from Kilkenny
Whose usual charge was a penny
But for half of that sum
You could fondle her bum,
A source of great pleasure to many.

There is a young girl in Kilkenny,
Who is worried by lovers so many
That the saucy young elf
Means to raffle herself!
The tickets are two for a penny.

Ricky, who lives at Kimbriki,
Is a brickie, a bit of a thickie.
He found giving a quickie
To his girlfriend, Vickie,
So tricky he needed a sickie.

A copper from down near Koroit
Gave young thugs a kick up the quoit.
His quite clever kick,
Adroit, hard and quick,
Was a move that he liked to exploit!

An over-sexed lad from Kwinana
Asked a girl at the local gymkhana,
'Do you like fruit?
If you do this might suit.'
And he showed her a nice ripe banana.

A flighty young lass from Lake Charm
Was quite sure she could come to no harm.
In a brief miniskirt
She'd philander and flirt
Till the wowsers cried out in alarm.

Two married bakers in Lalla love lovin'
And have seventeen offspring to govern.
He cooks cakes on the run,
She bakes buns by the ton,
And she always has one in the oven.

I said to friends at La Perouse,
'Phew, that stinks! Which one of youse
Should be saying, "Excuse"?
I don't like to accuse,
But c'mon, whose is *that* one, whose?'

A restless young lass from Leigh Creek
Went to Yemen and married a sheik.
She said in a letter,
'My lifestyle is better,
And it's only my turn once a week.'

A lady I know from Leigh Creek
Has taught her vagina to speak.
It is frequently liable
To quote from the Bible
But, when fucking, it just gives a squeak.

A lovely lass from Liapootah,
Has a dad who's a serious shooter.
So if any suitor
Is trying to root 'er,
He should have a really fast scooter!

An unfortunate fellow from Lorne
Often wished he had never been born;
And he wouldn't have been
If his father had seen
That the end of the condom was torn.

When a young lady of Louth
Returned from a trip to the south,
Her father said, 'Nelly,
There's more in your belly
Than ever went in by your mouth.'

There's a Lady from Loxton who's willing
To do it each time for a shilling.
You can pay on the spot
For each time in the cot
Or by cheque with monthly bulk billing.

A lady from Lyndoch called Lola
Got a man to tune her pianola.
Now she says, 'What a tuner!
Should have had him in sooner!
As she pushes the twins in a stroller.

There was a young miss from the Mallee
Who tended with boys to be pally.
When asked by her dad
How many she'd had
She said, 'Why, I never kept tally!'

At Manly a girl on the Corso
Displayed quite a lot of her torso.
A crowd soon collected
And no one objected,
While some were in favour of more so.

Said a young lady from Marble Bar
To a drunk in the back of a car,
'You won't get too far up
If that thing won't bar up,
This party's not come as you are!'

At Marble Bar some blokes are nonplussed
By the heat and the flies and the dust.
It's too hot to lay,
Or make love in the hay,
And their working parts soon start to rust.

A girl hitched a ride to Maree
But suddenly wanted a pee.
And wasn't she lucky?
The friendly old truckie
Said, 'Darling, just have one on me.'

A masseur from Mascot called Jones
Could reduce any woman to moans
By his wonderful knowledge,
Acquired in college,
Of nineteen erogenous zones.

A society lady from Melbourne
Professed to be mightily well-born,
But her grandma, you see,
Gave her favours quite free,
And the path to her house was quite well-worn.

A silly young fool from Menangle
Caught both of his balls in the mangle.
Now they're so bloody long
They hang down past his dong
And the bloody things get in a tangle.

A Mildura bloke quite amazin'
At a grape-picking girl was agazin',
He said, 'You're divine,
I wish you were mine,
And it's more than my hopes you're araisin'.'

As a bloke drove her home to Miranda,
Susie said, with remarkable candour,
'Me and my sister
Share a room, mister,
So we'll do it out on the verandah.'

There was a sad man from Montrose
Whose love-life was so full of woes,
For he loved nothing finer
Than a good sixty-niner,
But he always got shit up his nose.

A Catholic lass from Moree
Invited the new priest to tea.
He said, 'I feel better
Without my biretta.
Now come here and sit on my knee.'

As I sat with a girl from Moruya,
I put my hand on her knee and said, 'Do ya?'
She replied, 'Of course, mate!
Even on the first date!'
And I jumped up and cried, 'Hallelujah!'

When a rural lass from Mountain Bay
Was asked to make love in the hay,
She took off her pants
And jumped at the chance.
She was tickled to try it that way.

There was an old maid from Mount Isa
Who let the young milkman surprise her.
Now she goes all shivery
When he makes a delivery
(And the rest of the town's none the wiser.)

A wicked young girl from Mulwala
Had high hopes of sex with a sailor,
So she sat on the pier
With a knee near each ear
And showed 'em where they could impale 'er.

There's a poet I know in Myponga
Who was banned from dancing the conga
'Cos the heat of the dance
Made his trousers advance
As the conga got longer and longer.

A myopic old man from Myponga
Said, 'I wish that my eyesight was stronger.
For then, when I fart,
I'd more quickly depart,
If my ponga should linger too longa.'

Naughty Nanette from Nabowla
Could not find a man to control 'er.
So she cried on the shoulder
Of the bloke who paroled 'er,
And he stayed around to console 'er.

A buxom young gal from Narellan
Showed a fella the size of one melon.
And wouldn't you know
He'd a banana to show,
Now it's not just her melon that's swellin'.

There once was a lady from Noosa
Whose morals got looser and looser.
She let young blokes squeeze her
And tease her and please her
And often let older blokes goose her.

There was a young lady from Norwood
Who everyone thought rather forwood.
For she strolled, I'm afraid,
All along the Parade,
And wriggled her bum like a whorewood.

A fat feller from Oodnadatta
Was mugged and reported the matter.
Said the cops, 'Silly bugger,
If you'd jumped on the mugger,
He'd have come out of it very much flatter.'

A young girl from Oodnadatta
Appears to be getting much fatter.
There's two reasons, I fear,
The first could be beer,
But the truth, sad to say, is the latter.

A Pakenham lady called Polly
Said to her boyfriend, 'By golly,
That candy stick
You got me to lick?
That didn't taste like a lolly.'

A Paddington person called Frances
Was in love with not one, but two dancers.
One female, one male.
And I now end this tale,
Thus avoiding bisexual nuances.

A sexy schoolteacher in Palmer
Was having it off with a farmer.
They started messin'
When she gave him a lesson
All about Sutra and Karma.

A rabbit from Patchewollock
Took a girl in the bush for a frolic.
Laid her down near a trap
Which happened to snap
Leaving the lad with one bollock.

There once was a girl from Peak Hill
Who said she was feeling quite ill.
Said the doctor, 'No wonder
You feel you could chunder.
You took aspirin instead of the pill!'

At Rockhampton the council and mayor
Have statues of bulls everywhere.
And for bulls of large size
They'll present a big prize
When they hold a huge ball, grand affair.

An Italian mum from Rosewater
Said to her beautiful daughter,
'It'sa important
To know when you oughtn't!'
But the daughter? She thoughta she oughta!

A daring young damsel from Roto
Let a man take a rather rude photo.
Why was it rude?
Well, she was nude
And it showed her whole body, *in toto*.

A naked young tart from Rozelle
Walked the streets while ringing a bell;
When asked why she rang it
She answered, 'Goldang it!
Can't you see I have something to sell?'

There was a young fellow from Ryde
Who could fart whenever he tried.
In competition he blew
Six hundred and two,
Did a poo . . . and was disqualified.

A certain prim spinster from Rye
Was indeed overwhelmingly shy.
She'd get into a state
If she saw sparrows mate
Or a palpably oversexed fly.

On her breasts, a barmaid from Sale
Had tattooed the prices of ale,
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
She had the same message in braille.

A lively lass from Sandy Hollow
Gave oral but nothing to follow.
Men came from afar
And each brought a jar
'Because,' she explained, 'I don't swallow.'

There was a young lady from Scone
Who went to the dentist alone.
In a fit of depravity,
He filled the wrong cavity.
She's nursing the filling at home.

A shapely young miss from Sea Lake
Was once nipped on the chest by a snake.
A passing young blade
Kindly rendered first aid
But that ligature was a mistake.

A sheila from Sheffield called Coral
Had habits that weren't very moral.
She thought it no crime
To take three at a time,
One fore, one aft, and one oral.

A Shute Harbour sheila, May Haywood,
Was usually frisky and wayward.
While most sheilas don't,
Or say that they won't . . .
The Shute Harbour fellows knew May would!

A rather odd bloke from Sofala
Shared his house with a mother koala.
He said, 'While she's sleeping
I do the housekeeping,
And clean the green poo from the parlour.'

There was a young lass of South Yarra
Whose mouth was exceedingly narra.
She could handle cucumbers
In moderate numbers
But couldn't quite manage a marra.

A girl from the Sunshine Coast
Had it off in the dark with a ghost.
At the height of orgasm,
The pale ectoplasm
Said, 'Ooooh, I can feel it . . . almost.'

A bloke from the Sunshine Coast
Had confessions more wicked than most.
When the priest asked, 'My son,
How many times was it done?'
He said, 'Father, I'm not here to boast.'

A childless young wife from Swan Hill
Once tried out the fertility pill.
Though her husband, they say,
Took three dozen a day,
The ensuing effects were just nil.

In Sydney a gay guy named Billy
Was confused by the movie *Free Willy*.
He thought he was choosin'
A film about cruisin'!
He was so misinformed it was silly.

There once was a harlot from Sydney
Who could take it right up to her kidney.
Then a bloke from down south
Got it up to her mouth.
He got his money's worth, didn't he?

or

A happy young harlot from Sydney
Could take it right up to her kidney.
But a bloke from Quebec
Got it up to her neck!
He had a long 'un now, didn't he?

A fair maid from near Tailern Bend
Thought she'd hold out to the end,
But half of the way,
From Deni to Hay,
She did what she didn't intend.

In Tamworth there lived an old miss
Who'd never been given a kiss.
She drank port for her heart
Till it caused her to fart,
And she said, 'Better stay off the piss!'

A young lad who grew up in Tansey
Wore clothes that were always quite fancy.
He favoured pink blouses
And lavender trousers,
We think that he might be a pansy.

There was a poor bloke from Taree
Who was stung on the balls by a bee,
But made lots of money
By oozing pure honey
Every time he attempted to pee.

An angry bull ant at Taripta
Crawled on an old maid and nipped her.
She said, 'I've been bit,
On a place where I sit!'
And a strange sort of feeling then gripped her.

The loosest lass in Wagga Wagga
Sometimes lets a young logger snog 'er.
Which really annoys
The rest of the boys
Who don't think the logger should hog 'er.

Said a gal to a guy from Warringah,
'C'mon, I'm keen, so don't linger!'
But when he said, 'I'm inside!'
She sadly replied,
'Oh . . . you mean that it isn't your finger?'

When a dull lad from near Warrnambool
Discovered a ring 'round his tool,
He went to the clinic
Where the doctor, a cynic,
Said, 'Wipe off the lipstick, you fool!'

A keeper at Western Plains Zoo
Seemed to have nothing better to do
Than to stroke the giraffe,
Unbeknownst to the staff,
And secretly fondle the gnu.

A young bloke from West Wyalong
Complained to his doc loud and long,
'Love leaves me a wreck,
It's a pain in the neck!'
Said the doctor, 'You're doing it wrong!'

A lady from Windsor called Phyllis
Was attacked in the rear by bacillus.
When her bottom was bared
The doctor declared,
'It's a case of *anus horribilis*.'

A fellow from Winkie, quite kinky,
Had a willy the size of his pinkie.
So he changed his name
And achieved local fame
As Kinky Pinkie and his Wee Willie Winkie.

There was an old maid of Wodonga
Whose urges grew steadily stronger.
Till at eighty she had one
And it wasn't a bad one
Tho' she said that she wished it was longer.

There was a young girl from the 'Gong
Who considered that petting was wrong.
She told boyfriend Bill,
'I'm not on the pill,
We'd better keep walking along.'

A harlot from Woolloomooloo
Assures me that this tale is true.
An abnormal sailor
Could doubly impale her
Because in his pants he had two.

A Woolloomooloo wharfie named Wyatt
Kept two big whores on the quiet,
And, down by the wharves,
Kept two whores who were dwarves,
In case he should go on a diet.

A randy bloke from Woolloongabba
Saw his girlfriend and wanted to grab 'er.
His intentions were heinous
Involving his penis
With which he intended to stab her!

There was a young lady from Yass
Who had the most beautiful ass.
Not rounded and pink
As you'd probably think
But four legs and long ears and ate grass.

Mr Yorkey, whose first name was Bob,
Said, 'I've just refused a new job,
For I just couldn't stand
To live in Queensland,
In a town that is called Yorkey's Knob!'

There was an old farmer from Young
Who was quite remarkably hung.
When cleaning the stable,
His member was able
To serve as a fork for the dung.

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***THE
REALLY
FILTHY
SECTION***





VARIOUS SEXUAL PRACTICES



These ones are dirty and rude,
And sometimes incredibly crude.

So, if you're uptight,
Be advised that you might
Be offended, if you are a prude.

Well, let's face it: if you were a real prude, you would never have purchased this book.

On the other hand, if you are having a sneaky look at this book while staying overnight at a friend's house, having discovered it tucked behind some other reference books in the spare room or study where you are encamped, buy a copy of your own, you cheapskate!

The topics here are invariably sexual practices and perversions, and most of them are objectionable in one way or another, politically incorrect and often misogynistic.

While I think there is more humour to be gained from the unsaid than the said, I have seen intelligent, decent, thoughtful, well-mannered people collapse into uncontrolled laughter at these limericks. Perhaps it's a nervous reaction to disgusting ideas nonchalantly stated.

Personally, I find this limerick much funnier than any which follow:

There was a young girl from Dundee
Went down to the river to swim.
A man on a punt
Stuck an oar in her eye
And now she wears glasses to see!

But, as the mere compiler, I submit for your judgment the following barely excusable limericks. If you start laughing you have only yourself to blame. I was only following orders.

A large part of this type of verse
About practices lewd and perverse
Is quite scatological,
Gynaecological
Bullshit, and some is much worse.



MASTURBATION AND LEWD BEHAVIOUR

They told him that screwing was grand
And so a first screwing was planned.
But, after the trial,
He said, with a smile,
'I get the same feeling by hand.'

There once was a young teenage dork
Always pounding away at his pork.
When a girl let him do it,
Within seconds he blew it,
And the next thing that came was the stork!

A squeamish young fellow named Bland
Adored caressing his gland,
Though he viewed with distaste
The gelatinous paste
It left in the palm of his hand.

There once was a randy old queen
Who invented a wanking machine.
On the ninety-ninth stroke
The bloody thing broke,
And whipped both his balls to cream.

There once was a cowboy called Fred,
His wife wouldn't give any head,
So he jumped on his horse

To go get a divorce,
Then jumped off and jacked off instead.

The girls in the bistro allege
The randy new waiter called Reg
When asked to display
The dish of the day
Showed them his meat and two veg.

An agreeable girl called Miss Doves
Likes to masturbate fellows she loves.
She will use a bare fist
If the fellows insist
But she really prefers to wear gloves.

The erotic cinematorium
Is more than a porno emporium.
It's an incontestable,
Heterosexual,
Mutual masturbatorium.

Whenever I've nothing to do
I start jerkin' my gherkin—don't you?
You're mad if you don't
If you do then you won't
Have any desire to screw!

Twice weekly a fellow named Frank
Visits the local sperm bank.
Frank thinks it's grand
To use his right hand
And be paid for just having a wank.

A miserly bloke called McEwan
Often asked, 'Why bother with screwin'?

It's safer and cleaner
To polish your weiner,
And besides, you can see what you're doin'.'

There was a young fellow called Merkin
Whose mum caught him jerkin' his gherkin.
His mother said, 'Merkin,
Stop jerking your gherkin!
Your gherkin's for ferkin' not jerkin'.'

Said a prim masturbator named Hess,
'It causes me so much distress
That I avoid the last spasm
Of completed orgasm,
I simply can't stand all that mess.'

A rubber girlfriend, air-inflatable,
Is perennially young and insatiable.
Satisfied clients,
From midgets to giants,
Find her compliant and mateable.

No wonder our French mistress hates
That odious student called Bates.
He just has to catch
A whiff of her snatch
And young Master Bates masturbates.

A precocious pervert is our Danny,
He's fallen in love with his nanny
And keeps in his pocket
A little gold locket
Containing some hairs from her fanny.

A virgin with hymen intactus
Before marriage decided to practise.
She fingered and stroked
And prodded and poked,
Till her hymen intactus was cactus!

Jill stitched up a dildo of leather,
To the end she attached a nice feather.
When she poked it inside her
She flew like a glider
And gave up her boyfriend forever.

There once was a man from Peru
Who fell asleep in a canoe.
He dreamed that Venus
Had played with his penis,
And woke up with a handful of goo.

A lady of dubious style
Liked to leave all her clothes in a pile
Then, mainly to please,
She'd get down on her knees
And show you her vertical smile.

A girl with magnificent tits
When dancing would wiggle her hips.
A wonderful flirt,
She'd lift up her skirt
And exhibit her sensuous lips.

There once was a girl from Kentucky
Who considered herself very lucky.
She'd unzipped the flies
Of hundreds of guys
And never found one that was yucky!

There was a young girl from Japan
Who loved dressing up as a man.
When she wore her pants tight
And they rubbed her just right
When she walked something inside them ran!

An onanistic Oxford BA
Pulled his pudding and pondered all day
Just how it would be
If a c-u-n-t
Was divided by c-o-c-k.

I once had an roommate, Pierre,
Who fell asleep in my favourite chair.
So I pulled out my unit,
Proceeded to tune it,
And fired a load in his hair.

There once was a young man from Ealing
Who pounded his pud with great feeling.
Then, like a trout,
He'd stick his mouth out,
And wait for the drops from the ceiling.

There was a young man from Darjeeling
Whose penis reached up to the ceiling.
In the light socket
He'd stick it then rock it.
Oh Lord, what a wonderful feeling!

A horny Laplander one day
Tried to jerk off in a sleigh.
The air was so frigid
It froze his balls rigid
And all he produced was frappé.

A libidinous old merchant banker
Has rash, itch, pox and a chancre,
And he got all four
From a dirty old whore
So now he is just an old wanker.

Said a ticklish lady named Lucy,
'I'm not only ticklish, I'm goosey.
A thumb in my bum
Makes me pee when I cum
And after I do I'm real juicy.'



PROSTITUTION

'I wouldn't be bothered with drawers,'
Says one of our better-known whawers;
'There isn't much doubt
I do better without
In handling my everyday chawers.'

A naughty old colonel of Butte
Had a habit his friends thought was cutte.
He'd slip off to Spokane
And proceed from the train
To a house of distinct ill repute.

There once was a harlot of Glamis
Who would undress without any quamis.
If you paid her enough
She'd strip to the buff,
And let you enjoy all her chamis.

There once was a lady named Lilly
With a craving to walk Piccadilly.
Said she, 'Ain't it funny,
It's not for the money,
But, if I don't take it, it's silly!'

When a pimp to his harlot once cried,
'You're not making enough,' she replied,
'What do you expect o' me!
Since my appendectomy
You know I just work on the side!'

Said a charming young lady of Padua,
'Ten lira! By Gad, what a cadua!'
He, lifting his hat,
Said, 'It wasn't worth that!
Have you any idea just how badua?'

'For widower wanted: housekeeper.
Not too refined, a light sleeper.
When employer's inclined
Must be game for a grind.
Pay generous, mind, but can't keep her.'

Local whores may not make their debut
But they perform social functions, it's true.
They give most of the gentry
Their very first entry,
They're the first entry most gentry do.

An ageing old lecher from Cardigan
Knew he would never get hard again.
What's more the girls know
'Bout his problem, and so
From all local brothels he's barred again.

There was a young whore of Baroda
Who built an erotic pagoda.
The walls of the halls
Were festooned with the balls
And the tools of the fools who bestrode her.

There was a young harlot from Kew
Who filled her vagina with glue
And said with a grin,
'If they pay to get in,
They can pay to get out of it, too.'

A whore who I once used to see
Said, 'I'll do anything for a fee.'
So I said, 'Can I pee?'
And she said, 'Feel free,
Pay the fee and then have one on me.'

There once was a virgin named Charlotte,
An aspiring Hollywood starlet,
Who screwed a producer
Who tried to seduce her,
Now she makes extra cash as a harlot.

Said a porter once at the Ritz,
'Friday nights thrill me to bits,
Blokes come here with hookers,
All pretty good lookers,
To check in while I check out their tits!'

There once was a man from Dakota
Would not pay a whore what he owed her.
So she stopped giving head,
Jumped right out of bed,
And pissed in his whisky and soda.

My sister's an organised whore,
Her price list is up on the door.
It's a dollar to view her,
For two you can screw her,
And for four she gets down on the floor.

Sis tried the promotional caper.
So local trade wouldn't escape her
You got it half-price
If you bought her twice
And brought in her ad from the paper.

At a brothel a man from Madrid
Bought fifty fucks for fifty quid.
When they asked, 'Aren't you faint?'
He said, 'No, I ain't.
But I don't feel as well as I did.'

There once was a lady from Reno
Who lost all her bucks playing Keno,
So she lay on her back
And opened her crack,
And now she owns half the casino.

A tired young hooker in Rome
Was fixing her hair with a comb
When eight men wanted screwing,
But she said, 'Nothing doing,
One of you has to go home.'

A hooker of note named Miss Flux
Always charges at least ninety bucks.
But for that she would suck you,
Jerk you and fuck you.
The whole thing was simply deluxe.

A part-time harlot called Gwen
Used to peddle her arse now and then.
She was getting a crown
Till her value went down
Now she's just twenty pence, sometimes ten.

We once shared a whore who'd ignore us
While rubbing her throbbing clitoris.
Although she put out
There was never a doubt,
When we came she'd been there before us!

Said a whore to a lecherous geezer,
'Look here, if it's too loose ta please ya,
You're welcome to cum
In my smelly old bum,
Just watch that me tapeworm don't seize ya.'

There was a young whore from Kilkenny,
You could do her twice for a penny
Or, for half of that sum,
You could bugger her bum,
An economy practised by many.

There once was a harlot called Kim
Who had a remarkable quim.
It wasn't the size
That attracted the flies,
But the crystallised cum round the rim.



ORAL

The French master said to young Pam,
'For this subject you don't give a damn!'
But she undid his flies
With a gleam in her eyes
And soon passed her Oral Exam.

For a pretty young actress to start
Her career took some 'oral art'.
Success was her goal,
She wanted the role,
So she sank her teeth into the part!

There once were three girls from Manila
Who lived with a bloke in a villa.
And they all gave him head
When they got into bed,
'Cos he soaked it all day in vanilla.

There was a young wife from Vancouver
Who could use her mouth just like a Hoover
But her husband, she said,
Was no fun in bed,
'Cos he just didn't like that manoeuvre.

A luscious psychotic named Jane
Once sucked every man on a train.
She said, 'Please don't panic,
I'm just nymphomaniac,
This wouldn't be fun were I sane.'

A horny young sailor named Fred
Once took a mermaid to bed.
He said, being blunt,
'I can't find your cunt,
Can't you just blow me, instead?'

A gal who was big on hygiene,
Found sucking a penis obscene.
She'd never fellate
The men that she'd date
And only ate pasteurised cream.

Old Louis Quatorze was 'Hot Sterf'.
While playing that game 'Blindman's Blerf'
He upended his mistress,
Kissed hers as she kissed his
And so gave the world 'soixante-neuf'.

Morals have changed in our nation.
Now it's proper on every occasion,
If the woman feels able,
Then under the table
Is a suitable place for fellation.

There once was a girl from Vancouver
Whose mouth had the strength of a Hoover.
When she turned it on high
A week would pass by
Before anyone could remove her.

A girl from an island remote
Met a Frenchman who lived on a boat.
She was soon in his bunk
With a mouth full of spunk
And a bloody big frog in her throat!

There once was a whore on the docks,
From dusk until dawn she sucked cocks.
Till one day, it's said,
She gave so much head,
She exploded and whitewashed two blocks.

There once was a woman from Arden
Sucking a man in a garden.
He said, 'If I blow,
Where does it go?'
And she said, 'Mmmng, beg your pardon?'

There was a young fellow called Taylor
Who was found fellating a sailor.
When they put him in gaol
He worked out his bail
By sucking the cock of his gaoler.



ANAL

A lady quite lacking in class
Liked to shove things up her arse.
If you studied her crap
You could find lots of scrap
Like ornaments made out of brass.

There was a young lady, quite bright,
Couldn't screw 'cos her twat was too tight.
She discovered a loophole
By using her poophole,
Now she does it all day and night.

There was an effeminate Ottoman
Whom ladies suspected was not a man.
He evaded the charms
Of feminine arms.
'Frankly,' he said, 'I'm a bottom man!'

A cabin boy once, out at sea,
Complained that it hurt him to pee.
Said the burly first mate,
'That accounts for the fate
Of the cook and the captain and me.'

A private schoolboy named Glass
Was had by the lads in his class.
He said, with a yawn,
'When the novelty's gone,
It's only a pain in the arse.'

We really should treat with more gravity
The numerous acts of depravity
By those two old queers
Who've been at it for years,
Ben Doon and Phillip McCavity.

A convict once out in Australia
Said to a soldier, 'I'll tail yer.'
Said the soldier, 'Be buggered,
You filthy old sluggard!
You've forgotten that I am your gaoler.'

A lucky gay fellow from Jumbuk
Moved to Sydney and had lots of dumb luck.
He won Lotto twice
And, against all advice,
Let his friend, who was nice, have a bumfuck!

A certain old sheik of Algiers
Said to his harem, 'My dears,
'Tho' you may think it odd of me
I'm tired of sodomy.
Put it somewhere that isn't your rears.'

A good tip for jaded old souls
Is changing the usual roles.
The backward position
Is nice for coition
And offers a choice of two holes.

Said a sodomite lad, 'Once again
I see that my cock has a stain,
But now I bend down
I can see that it's brown,
So I'll let it wash off in the rain.'

There was an old maid from Cape Cod
Who dreamed she was buggered by God.
It wasn't Jehovah
That rolled the girl over,
Was Roger the lodger, the dirty old codger
(the bugger, the bastard, the sod!).



PERVERSIONS

A remarkable race are the Persians,
They have such peculiar diversions.
They make love all day

In the regular way,
And save up the nights for perversions.

A young German stripper named Sheba
For a pet has a little amoeba.
This green blob of jelly
Just lies on her belly,
And soulfully murmurs, '*Ich liebe.*'

Two elderly ladies from Fordham
Went for a stroll, out of boredom.
On the way back
A sex maniac
Jumped out of a bush and ignored 'em.

There was a young maiden named Rose
With erogenous zones in her toes.
She remained onanistic
Till a foot-fetishistic
Young man became one of her beaux.

A young hippie lassie named Lynn
Can't wait for the first week of spring.
She performs pagan rites
In open crotch tights
And a daffodil stuck in her thing.

A general, perverted and rotten,
And wearing a G-string of cotton,
Would watch while nude ranks
Opened right and left flanks
And privates were mostly forgotten.

My girlfriend has captured my heart
But her bed manners aren't very smart.

Each time that I cum
She arches her bum
And lets out a bloody great fart!

Said a girl, 'This may sound idiotic
But I find sex in cars most exotic.
I've always adored
Making love in a Ford
For I'm really quite auto-erotic!'

A dirty old fellow called Mark
Used to wander about after dark
Getting his kicks
Doing perverted tricks
To the nude statuettes in the park.

A dominant lady named Gail
Likes to beat on her slaves with a flail
Crying, 'Be lookin' cute
While you're lickin' my boot!
Then continue on, up to my tail.'

An onanist named Henry Pickett
Strokes himself while playing cricket.
He never fails
To squirt on the bails,
With Pickett it's sticky, that wicket.

A pervert who hated compliance
Fucked his own arse in defiance
Of behaviour that's normal,
Morality formal
And most of the known laws of science.

A perverted man from Calcutta
Often covers his doodle with butter
And lovingly screws
A bag of cashews.
The guy is a real fucking nutter!

A widow whose singular vice
Was to keep her late husband on ice
Said, 'It's been hard since I lost him,
So I'll never defrost him!
Cold comfort, but cheap at the price.'

'I know you're my bride,' said poor Terence,
'But I hope you will show some forbearance.
My sexual habits
Were picked up from rabbits,
And occasionally watching my parents.'

A lazy young pervert called Scott
Took a horny girl onto his yacht.
Too lazy to rape her
He made planes out of paper
And flew them towards her bare twat.

A fellow with passion quite gingery
Tore a hole in his sister's pink lingerie.
Then spanked her behind
And made up his mind
To add incest to insult and injury.

At a séance a fellow called Post
Was being sucked off by a ghost.
Then on came the lights
And there, in pink tights,
On his knees was old Basil, the host!

Said an old married couple, 'Let's swap!'
So they did and the wife got on top.
She bounced for an hour
Till she ran out of power,
And the kids, who'd grown bored, made them stop.

"Tis my custom," said dear Lady Norris,
'To beg lifts from the drivers of lorries.
When they get out to piss
I see things that I miss
At the wheel of my two-seater Morris.'

A gay guy who loathed masturbating
Met a couple who loved anal-mating.
As the husband was bi
They decided to try
What they aptly called 'double-dating'.

There was a respectable mister
Who noticed an odd sort of blister
Where no blister should be,
Which was dreadful 'cos he
Had got it at home, from his sister.

A pervert I know name of Scotty
Has habits unusually grotty.
In five minutes flat
He buggered my cat
And tossed himself off in my potty.

There was once a man from Bombay
Who made a vagina from clay.
But the heat of his prick
Turned the clay into brick,
And it wore all his foreskin away.

A dirty old bugger called Dave
Kept a dead whore in a cave.
He said, 'I admit
I'm a bit of a shit,
But look at the money I save.'

or

There was an old man from Belgrave
Who found a dead whore in a cave.
He said, 'How disgusting,
But it only needs dusting,
And think of the money I'll save.'

or

There once was an old guy named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave.
He said, 'There's no class
In screwing dead arse,
But look at the money you save.'

or even

There was a young miser called Dave
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.
He said, 'I agree
That it's nasty of me,
But look at the money I save.'

'Not my fault, your honour!' said Sid.
'I just did as my two nieces bid.
I tucked them in bed,
Asked, "What's to be read?"
"Uncle Remus," they said, so I did!'

I'll tell you a bit about Jim's
Unusual sexual whims,
Many of which
Involve pneumatic tits
And synthetic inflatable quims.

Big Brother Blucher of Brest
Insistently sinned by incest.
He buggered his brother,
And mounted his mother,
But insisted his sister was best.

On Tuesday I called up my mother
And said to her, 'Mum, there's another,
She gives good head too,
And she's younger than you,
You'll have to make do with my brother.'

'*Ménage à trois*, girls?' asked Marcus,
As he stripped off and showed them his carcus.
Said one to the other,
'Looks like little brother.
I think he's too puny to farcus.'

I asked a transvestite to tea
And, as we were discussing her fee,
She gave me a shock,
When she pulled out her cock,
And announced she would do me for free.

A sporty old pervert named Brock
Loves to play golf with his cock.
Its size horrifies
Most other guys
And girls shit their pants from the shock.

There was a strange girl from Blackheath
Who circumcised men with her teeth.
It's all very funny
'Cos it wasn't for money
But to get at the cheese underneath!

There once was a lady named Dot
Who liked to put flies up her twat.
The buggers would buzz
Way down in her fuzz,
Till you glued their wings tight with a shot.

Somewhere there's a vampire called Mabel
With periods very unstable.
By the light of the moon,
With the aid of a spoon,
She'll drink herself under the table.

The dirty old baker of Tottenham
Used to bake pies and put snot in 'em.
He also used turds
And the droppings of birds,
And beat off young dogs till they shot in 'em.

There once was a fellow from Reims
Who always had heavy wet dreams.
He was a great wit,
He encased them in shit,
And he sold them as chocolate creams!

There was a young man from Peru
Who lived off bird droppings and spew.
When he couldn't get this
He ate shit and drank piss.
(And he seemed to thrive on it too!)



SHOCKING AND SHAMELESS



These limericks are ones which don't fit the previous categories and which work on the opposite premise to the 'impolite' ones in earlier chapters. Here the technique is flagrant and unnecessary overstatement rather than suggestion.

I used to assume that we found these so funny, in my rugby club days, because back then we lived in a very repressed society, and reciting or listening to stuff like this was 'liberating'. Unfortunately, this theory has proved to be absolute bunk. These same limericks, in a much less inhibited age, still get the same reaction.

Anyway, if you made it this far you might as well go on. If the first few offend you, stop reading—the rest are far worse.

A sultan who likes his girls buxom
At ninety still often abduxom,
And then they are led
To a sumptuous bed
In which he regretfully fuxom.

A horny hermaphrodite
Made a pass at an Aussie one night.
But the bloke, quite irate,
Said, 'Go fuck yourself, mate!'
And the hermaphrodite said, 'All right.'

A serial kisser named Tucker
Would approach every lass with a pucker.
But sometimes his mouth
Went a trifle far south
And landed where others might fuck 'er.

Sex with cute Annie Costanza
Is always a bosom bonanza.
Suck Annie's big tits
And she'll throw fifty fits,
It's always a sextravaganza.

There's a humanoid creature from Venus
With a luminous sixteen-inch penis.
All night he hunts
For big hairy cunts . . .
Oh shit! Look out, girls, now he's seen us!

When a guy had his girl in a truck
In his ears both her nipples got stuck.
With his thumb up her bum
He could hear himself come.
They'd invented the 'Telephone Fuck'!

A dirty perverted old German,
Whose name, incidentally, was Herman,
Made films of the cunnies
Of ten Playboy bunnies
All close up, with lots of fresh sperm in.

On a date with a charming young bird,
My erotic feelings were stirred.
So I asked, with some pluck,
'Hey, do you fuck?'
She said, 'Yes, but I don't use that word!'

There was a young girl from Uttoxeter,
So pretty that men waved their cocks at her.
One went so far
As to wave from his car
A cock that had once had the pox at her.

The couple jumped into the sack,
Her legs opened to wrap round his back
But, when they looked around,
No condoms were found!
So he couldn't slip into her crack.

Said a thoughtful young stud from Brasilia,
'One orgasm spasm will fill ya.
So I'll just let the rest
Gush out on your chest,
If I shot it inside, it'd kill ya.'

There was a young maiden quite lewd
Who stood in a queue in the nude.
Then a man just in front
Said, 'Pooh . . . I smell cunt!'
Just like that . . . right out loud . . . fucking rude!

A workaholic young girl called Renee
Shares a house with a guy who is gay.
She cooks the dinner,
He sticks it in 'er,
And then they just both walk away!

A naked young woman from France
Once got on the bus in a trance.
Six passengers fucked her,
Besides the conductor,
And the driver shot twice in his pants.

There was an old fellow named Brewster,
Who said to his wife as he goosed her,
'That used to feel grand,
But look at my hand,
You're not wiping as well as you used ter!'

A travelling Indian Sioux
Wired home for two punts, one canoe.
The answer next day
Said, 'Girls on the way,
But what the hell is a panoe?'

There once was a villain most feared
Who tied a lass to a train track and leered.
But he tied her up wrongways,
Not crossways but longways,
And a forty-car train disappeared!

The dirty old bishop of Buckingham
Was thinking of tits and of suckingham
While watching the stunts
Of the cunts in the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham.

or

That famous old bishop of Buckingham
Wrote a treatise on tits and on suckingham
But later his work
Was eclipsed by a Turk
Whose topic was arseholes and fuckingham.

Mrs Kelly is partial to cocks,
Mr Kelly likes scotch on the rocks
And can't get it together
When under the weather,
So she lets others into her box.

We know three farm girls from Cuxham
And whenever we meets 'em, we fucks 'em.
And when that grows stale
We sits on a rail
And takes out our cocks and they sucks 'em.

There was a young pervert called Jack
Who was licking his wife's anal crack.
He'd developed the art
Of avoiding the fart
But was hit in the face by the flak.

Any girl who fucked Bluebeard could tell
That he didn't like cunt all that well.
He'd finger and fuck one
But never could suck one,
He couldn't get used to the smell.

They arrested a fellow from Fife
For fucking the corpse of his wife.
He pleaded, 'But, Judge,
She was cold, did not budge,
Just the same as she acted in life!'

My niece was a horrible kid
Who never did as she was bid.
She told Aunt Louise,
'Your cunt smells like cheese.'
And the worst of it was that it did.

Famous sleuth Ellery Queen
Had olfactory powers so keen
He could tell in a flash
By sniffing a gash
Who the previous tenant had been.

There was an old pervert from Crewe
Who lived mostly on cunt-juice and spew.
When he couldn't get that
He ate what he shat,
And a bloody good shit he shat, too!

In the checkout queue at the store
A nun was advising the poor:
'Hey, you up in front!
More than eight items, cunt!
Get in the right queue, you whore!'

Fuck me fast, fuck me deep, fuck me oft,
In the bed, in the bath, in the loft,
Up my arse, up my cunt,
From behind, from in front,
With your stiffest erection, not soft!

There once was a man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin
While wiping his chin,
'If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.'



THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

This is the most famous limerick series ever written. There are many versions, all disgusting. Here is a version as good, or as gross, as any other.

'Twas on the good ship Venus,
By Christ you should have seen us.
The figurehead
Was a nude in bed
Sucking a dead man's penis.

The captain's name was Tugger,
He was a dirty bugger.
He wasn't fit
To shovel shit
Upon a Chinese lugger.

The first mate's name was Topper,
Gawd, he had a wopper.
Twice round the deck,
Once round his neck
And up his arse for a stopper.

The second mate was Andy,
He was always randy.
They filled his arse
With molten glass
For pissing in the brandy.

The third mate's name was Carter,
He was a skilful farter.
When the wind wouldn't blow
And the ship wouldn't go
They got Carter the farter to start 'er.

The captain's wife was Mabel,
Ready, willing and able.
She gave the crew
Their daily screw
Upon the galley table.

The cabin boy was Kipper,
A horny little nipper.
He stuffed his arse
With broken glass
And circumcised the skipper.

And the ship's dog's name was Rover,
The whole crew did him over.
They ground and ground
That faithful hound
From Port-au-Prince to Dover.

'Twas at the China Station,
The day we saved the nation.
We sunk a junk
In a sea of spunk
By mutual masturbation.

CHORUS

*Friggin' in the riggin',
Wankin' on the plankin',
Incest in the crow's nest
'Cos there's fuck-all else to do.*



AFTERWORD



If you made it to the end of the collection by legitimate means you probably deserve a medal or your money back. If, on the other hand, you skipped over all the boring limericks or flipped straight through to the filthy sections, shame on you.

If you did read the whole thing from cover to cover, how many can you remember?